The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE GODS OF THE MACHINE

WHEN Cardinal Hayes recently condemned birth prevention from his pulpit in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, no part of his sermon attracted more public attention than his reassertion of the teaching of the Catholic Church that it is not by a philosophy of death but by one of life that the problem of poverty should be solved. The circumstance which conditioned what the Cardinal had to say on this particular occasion gave a special point to his reaffirmation of the unchanging, because unchangeable, moral law, and to his further statement of the social philosophy which the Church derives from the principles of the moral law. At a mass meeting in Carnegie Hall, held under the auspices of the American Birth Control League, a resolution was adopted calling for the changing or the abolition of existing laws which forbid the teaching of contraception, so that the victims of the depression may be taught how to avoid having children, and thus adding to the burden which the relief payments made to them now constitute upon the taxpayers in general.

As to this argument for birth prevention, Cardinal Hayes was outspoken, and most positive, not only in condemnation of its inhumanity, but in his advocacy of the true duty of society. "Who," he indignantly asked, "are the poor of today, those on relief, whose intimate lives a smug Carnegie Hall audience would regulate as if they were cattle? . . . The true lover of the poor today, and the true social scientist, knows that the right approach to the whole problem is not to keep people from having children but to reorder our economic and social structure as to make it possible for people to have children and to rear them in keeping with their needs. Therein lies true social leadership; in birth prevention lies social degradation."

To this point, among others made by the Cardinal, there were answers from thirteen clergy-

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men and rabbis, representing not only "reformed" Jewish congregations—that is, groups of Jews who have "emancipated" themselves from the orthodox tenets of Judaism—and not only "liberal" Protestant groups, but also Protestant Episcopalian congregations, the Union Theological Seminary, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Presbyterian Church. As to the claim set forth by these champions of birth prevention, that their own views are "ethically correct," and, therefore, that the Cardinal's views—or, rather, the orthodox Christian views taught by the Cardinal—are wrong, that, of course, is preposterous, as their argument in support of it sufficiently shows. Cardinal Hayes, as they state, bases his condemnation of birth prevention upon the fact that it is "contrary to the commandment of the Deity." They admit that "this is true if by the Deity we mean the God that is found in ancient myth and legend." Which amounts to saying that in the personal opinion of these thirteen individuals the whole massive structure of religion which for two thousand years of the Christian dispensation and some three thousand years of the Jewish dispensation was the repository of the revealed laws of God is nothing but a mass of "myth and legend." The true God, according to these thirteen exponents of birth prevention, seems to be "the God who is revealed in the endless sweep of evolution and whose majestic message is being translated by science into the accents of the human tongue." So far as any meaning emerges from such language as this, it would seem to be that the deity served by the mechanicians, and chemists, and advocates of birth prevention is the utter negation of God. For if humanity must wait for its moral and ethical guidance until science has "slowly translated" such guidance from the revelation made only "in the endless sweep of evolution," it is obvious that humanity can never obtain such guidance, because "evolution is "endless," and, therefore, cannot possibly complete its "revelation."

But what interests us more particularly than the nebulous and self-stultifying conception of God that is held by these clerical defenders of birth prevention, is the social policy drawn by them from their denial of the moral law of orthodox religion. "We agree whole-heartedly with the Cardinal," they say, "that the present social system is unjust and that it is our duty to reorganize the social order in such a way as to achieve a more equitable distribution of opportunity and income." So far, so good; but what follows seems to be clearly an argument to adapt human beings to the necessities of the existing social mechanism by teaching them how to shut the gates of birth to their prospective children, and not by changing the social system to give children social justice and life. For they say that an "excessive" number of children "not only undermines the health of the mother but makes it utterly impossible for the large families to lift themselves out of destitution and despair. The families and the individuals that have advanced themselves in the economic scale are the very ones that have endeavored to limit the number of children. The Cardinal also fails to recognize that in the world today we are weighted down by an excess of workmen. Invention, mass production, machinery and scientific management are reducing the need for workers. The machine is taking the place of men and women."

And the gods of this machine are proposed to take the place of God, Who is the Father of men and women—the gods of "invention, mass production, machinery and scientific management"—including the scientific management of sex relations. Not the Sacrament of Matrimony, but the mechanism of contraception, is to rule the marital lives of men and women, so that the gods of the machine may have fewer but more efficient servants, or slaves. "There is surely no social wisdom," say the defenders of birth prevention, "in bringing 150 potential workers into the world when there are only 100 jobs to fill."

This is Malthusianism, stark and absolute. Regulate births to fit the supposed needs of mechanized, materialistic industry. Never mind about striving to make the conditions of life conform to real human needs! The cleavage between this view of social reform and that taught by the Catholic Church is absolute. It is well indeed that it should be so clearly revealed. For this grim, Herodian view of the lot of little children in the world ruled by the gods of the machine, and the accommodating deity of "endless evolution," should inspire Christians to rally to the summons of the Church to make life possible and happy for the children of men, and not to leave them to be victimized by the gods of the machine.

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

AS THE week progressed, there emerged a certain danger that Mr. Roosevelt might find himself the spokesman for a central group of moderates and liberals, beset on the one hand by big business in feathers and war paint and confronting on the other hand large bands of Townsendites. The wish that our good friend the "pension doctor" establish a third party may well have been father to the thought; and yet the Townsend ideology is so consonant with deeply rooted American ethical aspirations, as well as so easy to compress into a formula, that its dimensions as a political threat—if it wished to become such a threat—might well

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be considerable. It being an age of polls, one would relish a good straw vote on the advantages of $200 a month in old age as a solution for the nation's economic woes. Meanwhile the appeal of Mr. Roosevelt to the farmer population seemed more and more undeniable. To the husbandman has gone a far greater share of government cake than to anybody else. The system of relief for the unemployed is still rudimentary; and it makes every honest citizen's heart ache to realize that as the seventh Christmas of the depression approaches, millions of honest men are still pottering about on improvised projects for a wage that beggars description. We think the New Deal made an honest effort to attack this problem, but the thing is still there and signs that it will disappear are few. It remains as ever a crazy world, in which pigs were slaughtered and wheat plowed under while more people than the imagination can take in were literally doing without enough to eat. Perhaps big business may find some political pleasure in the balance thus struck; but if it thinks the nation anxious and ready to trek back to unadulterated *laissez-faire* its intelligence must be estimated as on a par with that of the Bourbons and other has-beens of history.

THERE was—from the point of view of international relations—a good deal of truth in Mr. Elihu Root's recent observation that, despite appearances, some solid growth of peace sentiment is taking place. It is precisely during times of disturbance and upheaval that changes occur; and it may well be that under our very noses a trend toward betterment is in progress which we cannot of course see but which historians of the future will know how to describe. That the crisis evoked by Mussolini has not ended in a European war proves, at least, how very difficult it has become to start a war. And the British change of front—in some ways another demonstration of how jumpy and inconsistent their policy has become—indicates that we are living in a world to which theoretical formulae do not apply. The most important objective must be to get Italy out of a mess somehow, because the economic unsettlement of Il Duce's dominions is the most vital of all the factors in the situation. It is not very likely that another attempt to restore the boundaries of the "Roman Empire" will be made in the immediate future. Similarly—though the danger here is far greater—one cannot avoid feeling that Germany's confidence in the unmitigated bliss of rearmament is shaken every time the social and economic balance sheet is scrutinized. We are not sure, but we have a suspicion, that Europe is violently throwing off certain diseases rather than succumbing to them. There may be a relapse, and this relapse may prove fatal. But on the other hand there is a clear chance that the crisis has already passed and that the patient will slowly and painfully recover.

THE EXTENT to which any government official is entitled to free speech has luckily not been determined by either Congress or the courts. Doubtless it is all to the good that the alderman, the coroner and the governor feel at liberty to discourse before whatever audiences happen along on whatever subjects pop into their heads. But moments occur when one tends to grow sceptical. Few Americans are, of course, led astray by anything their elected officials declare. It is nearly always a rank outsider, like Father Coughlin, who sets the radio dials wagging. When Mayor La Guardia ousts an immigrant, or when a Judge proclaims the Nazi flag a black banner of piracy, or when a navy man makes slightly too much of a speech in London, the wires are hot. The other day Justice Salvatore A. Cotillo was reported as having said to a metropolitan audience that the struggle in which Mussolini had engaged "is a fight to free the backward people of Africa." And not much earlier a Western mayor was quoted as believing that Japan is a menace to civilization and the "sooner our boys wiped her off the map" the better. All this is not even an index to the state of public opinion. It is simply the result of talking too much. Few men (and we are acquainted with none) can go on talking after office hours, at banquets and gatherings, on all topics under the sun, without plumbing the intellectual deeps. More nonsense is uttered every day in this country than the educational forces can counteract in a month. It is too bad that the oath of office in most cases does not include a promise to abstain from oratory save on about four occasions a year.

Too Much Hot Air

ELSEWHERE in this issue we offer a résumé of the program arranged for the coming Boston meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association. May we add here a word of hope that the efforts made by able leaders to foster and strengthen the association will be rewarded with a full attendance? There are many groups interested in the study of history. People generally are taking more notice of local traditions; old landmarks are being refurbished; and centennials have recently been so numerous that they could hardly be escaped. But the Christian has very especial reasons for keeping in touch with the past. He cannot approach his religion intelligently at all unless he is willing to acquire a historical sense. Older people remember with what gratitude they read the earlier lives of Our Lord, in which for the first time the actual circumstances of His sojourn on earth

History as a Subject of Conversation

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were set forth. Dogmas and devotions, saints and sinners, alike demand of us willingness to "walk in the company of dead Caesars, and to talk a while with wraiths." No serious apologetic is conceivable without hard-headed and yet intuitive wrestling with history. And yet, of all the branches of study we Christians pursue, the lore of yesterday is perhaps the most woefully neglected. On very essential matters, where a codification of the main facts is entirely practicable, orators and writers prove guilty of blundering with a nonchalance which would be astounding were human nature aught else than it is. The "lumpers" especially are with us—i. e., those who refuse to distinguish between black and brown, and who identify any color this side of tan with white. You can get up before even an intelligent audience and guess away like a trooper about the past. Nobody will even as much as stop you. Nay, the more viciously you make a blind stab at the historical truth, the more raucous will be your applause.

The Children Choose

WITH only the information that is given in casual news stories as to the operation of the Young Reviewers of the National Association of 4-Star Clubs, we may nevertheless say that their list of the ten best films of the year is excellent. "The Crusades," "David Copperfield," "The Informer," "Les Misérables," "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Naughty Marietta," "Shipmates Forever" and "Top Hat" represent not only a balanced ration but a high percentage of superior pictures. It would be interesting to know the details about the personnel and methods of the group: their ages, their numbers, the conditions imposed upon their choice. It is said that the list was compiled without sugestions from adults; but evidently the last question is of some importance. One cannot readily suppose that the children were subjected to the full Hollywood diet, the fate of their seniors in the reviewing business; in spite of the presence in the above list of "The Informer" and "Mutiny on the Bounty," both of which contain material quite unsuitable for children, some form of control must have limited their choice. It is not likely that "David Copperfield" suffered competition from the more baneful sort of film whose attraction for youthful movie-goers is one of the great problems in the field. None of this is said with the purpose of denying that normally reared children possess natural good taste and wholesome instincts about entertainment. That this is so is indeed one of the main factors for hope in education. We hope producers will advance the effort well begun to give more attention to needs of the juvenile mind.

The Tyranny of Cold

IN THE course of the personal contacts of the wife of one of our editors with the sick poor at a clinic conducted for them by the Sisters of Charity, one of the ever-present problems of the poor was brought strikingly forward. It is one of those vital things which persons living in ivory towers, even though they may have occasional kind thoughts about the poor, or even be so generous as to say a charitable word, or write a little piece (like this one) about them, just fail to appreciate nine times out of ten. It is outside their experience, as the realities, including the failures, of trying to do some immediate saving thing for the aid of the unemployed, are quite outside the experience of most of the club-chair patriots who damn unreasonably and too inclusively all such effort. This thing, a grim, ever-present problem to the poor—is the cold. Many of them who have two or three dollars apiece a week for food and less than the landlord demands for the rent, simply have to get along without central heating in winter. Not a few, isolated persons, that is, but many. And it is they who, following that strange and hard sequence of events when they are unchecked with human charity, having little, have that little taken away from them. They do not have the proper clothing to sit around in their cheerless and cold rooms, not to speak of the proper clothing for going out in. What's to be done? One thing at least is certain, and that is that those who are warm cannot solve the problem by words.

Things to Do Without

A WHILE ago there appeared accounts of a successful experiment in animal development. Whether the system evolved by the presiding scientist worked by selective breeding or a diet rich in gland stimuli now escapes the memory. Its results, however, do not—one is tempted to add "unfortunately"; for the fruit of it all was a rat as large as a sheep, and that is not an image to which the mind can give deliberate tenancy and remain completely at ease. Now another actuality has come to keep it company. An insect said to be three inches long—"almost as big as a sparrow"—has been brought into being by those processes which the experimental laboratory substitutes for a witch's incantation. The report continues that the purpose of the production was benevolent—this giant was intended as a bug to end bugs. Now, however, confronted with the realization of his dream, its sponsor begins to jib—like so many of the rest of us in less striking but parallel circumstances. He is afraid to let his creation loose upon society, since it may not understand the end of its being as well as he does. We commend his hesitation as wise and prudent.

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THE BATTLE-LINE OF 1936

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THOUGH the November elections set the political battle-lines, not until the first spring primaries will they be made exact. This is because November's tips were mainly geographical. They demonstrated that Mr. Farley had been imagining a vain thing and that the East was joined to its idols; not irrevocably joined, for New York was hesitant about joining the general Eastern rush back to the horse-and-buggy age, but not very hesitant. Mossbackism, or what the more abundant life considers such, has unmistakably seduced the region which stretches from western Illinois to Cape Cod; not enough of itself to elect a President, but enough to convince Mr. Roosevelt, after next election day, that it was a fight and not a frolic. This is all a shocking change from the Indian summer after the election of one short year ago, when the returns made Republican voters look like strayed revelers or fossil remains of the Early Pliocene.

This left the battle-line clear. It is the West against the East. There is another sectional division, like that between the North and South in 1860. The besotted Easterner of the coast still persists in classing such states as Illinois and Michigan in the Western category, but he is, as annoyed denizens of the prairie remind him, provincial; the East now is not the East of Black Dan's days or of Peter Cartwright's, and runs from Buzzard's Bay to Jackson's Island. Ask any man from Reno or even Omaha. The West, like the East, hasn't enough electoral votes to elect a President, but for present purposes it can swing Alexander's sword into the scales and weight them, and Alexander's sword is the Solid South. Don't let anyone fool you into believing that the South is no longer solid merely because it split in 1928; it split only because Al Smith is a Catholic and St. Bartholomew became an issue down there, and the Democrats will not make that political error again.

November, therefore, made the battle-lines readable by him who runs, but only as to that East-West sectional split. A question remains to be answered, and until it is answered the soothsayers find the stars clouded. Neither the East nor the West can elect a President. To what extent can a slight inroad be made on the West? For the West has not that dependable orthodoxy which characterizes the South. Not the South's to reason why, the South's but to do or die; but that is not so west of Alton. In brutal candor, what holds the West to the Roosevelt gonfalon is the AAA, and who in the Farley citadel knows for certain that there may not be some traitor state lurking along the Great Divide?

So far the West has given no sign, not because it doesn't want to but because there have been no elections or primaries there. Therefore the first chance to get a line on Rooseveltian danger signals, if any there are, will be in the coming primaries. South Dakota used to be the first to show a light. It was not only the first but the best, for informative purposes, for it is neither very radical nor very conservative. The Democratic primaries will give no light, for in every state they will be Rooseveltian, even in the states which like him least. That is politics, and Mr. Farley was not bragging when he said that every state would return a Roosevelt delegation "including Louisiana," the state which of all Democratic states is least Rooseveltian. But the Republican primaries, in South Dakota as elsewhere, will blaze trails, for the Republican tactics are still in the making. Very busily in the making; there is no political period when the cooks are so jumpy around the broth as the one we are in now, save only the weeks just before election; and it is the Republican cooks who are doing the cooking, for reasons to be explained. The Democratic broth is on the fire and is cooking itself.

This year there has been a change in primary dates, and the West will give no inkling until so near the conventions that there will be no fun in it. "It won't be Senator Borah," is the explosive sentence with which General Johnson begins one of his *World-Telegram* articles, and if there is any keener—and more candid—judge of politics than Johnson I don't know it. But it doesn't need General Johnson to tell that; it won't be Borah because it can't be. The East loves Borah less than the devil loves holy water, and to go into the campaign handicapped by lukewarmness in its only stronghold would not be playing Republican politics. Whether even the West loves Borah to the voting point is a question; it was supposed, for instance, to love Bryan, but the election returns always demonstrated that those who loved Bryan were many people in the West, but not enough.

Johnson runs through the other present possibilities: Landon "a dray," Vandenburg a man with a foot in too many different camps, Knox "a great guy, but he doesn't mean anything." Hoover is impossible because "the people will not go back" that far. "So what?" asks Johnson, and concludes that as "the Republicans have neither a man nor a plan," they have "as much

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chance of beating Roosevelt as a one-legged man at a pants-kicking contest." Logically it is irresistible, but, General Johnson, many an election has shown that logic isn't a guide.

Johnson, like most other political calculators, has left out the imponderable. The imponderable is that when the ordinary man goes to the polls he doesn't go to vote for somebody, he goes to vote against somebody, or something. To be childishly simple in picking examples, Harding got the biggest majority ever cast up to that time, yet nobody was for Harding. Anybody else on the Republican ticket would have got just as many millions, and probably Governor Lowden, the real preference of the Convention, would have got more. What the people did in 1920 was to express, as emphatically as they could, the fact that they were sick and tired of Wilsonism; meaning not particularly the war, but all forms of Wilsonism and especially the last phase, that of tourist Emperor of the World in General. This example is offered because everybody can remember it, but similar examples of the failure of pure logic in politics go back as far as the reelection of Madison by a heartily anti-Madison party run by Calhoun and Clay, 124 years ago.

Now the question that is teetering on the lap of the gods is whether there is any such mental revolt against Rooseveltism as there was against Wilsonism. If there is, the people will as numerously vote for a "dray" like Landon or an "amphibian" like Vandenberg, to borrow Johnson's compliments, as if they loved him dearly. There is this resemblance between Rooseveltism in 1936 and Wilsonism in 1920, that not until the election was there any chance for the people to express their emotions. They didn't elect Wilson to go either into war or into Versailles, and they didn't elect Roosevelt to get a New Deal; they elected him to get rid of an unpopular administration, and would have as plenteously voted for Ritchie or anybody else who was vainly voted for at the Convention of 1932.

Yet the question isn't quite so simple. The people, so far as there is any way of judging, do not like the New Deal, but that is not saying they don't like Roosevelt. The East, quite certainly, doesn't like either him or it. The first returns from the *Literary Digest's* questionnaire show that the West doesn't like the New Deal either, but that is not saying it either dislikes Roosevelt or can be induced to vote for "drays" and "amphibians." The *Digest's* question was not very cleverly phrased; it asked, "Do you now approve the acts and policies of the Roosevelt New Deal to date?" The West, to judge by the first returns, doesn't, but the West has what it regards as a choice of evils, and, as Johnson truly says, "The people will not go back to naked Hooverism." Hoover is doubtless a misjudged man, but he happened to be President at a time when all the sins of the incredible 1920's were sure to be loaded on the shoulders of whoever was President; and his fatuous forms of expression strained the quality of mercy.

Therefore, to all appearances as of December, 1935, the sectional split is the most probable of all futurities. The alliance between the South and West is unnatural, but that solid block of votes below the line makes such an alliance inevitable whenever one section, fighting another, has not the necessary number of electoral votes. "Below the line" is subject, this year, to the exception that Maryland is no longer dependable even in Farley's super-optimistic calculations—except, of course, those of his calculations intended for print, in which no doubt Vermont still figures.

It is almost uniquely unfortunate that, in this momentous year of all years, there should be no sign-language before the March primaries, and that the March primaries are not to be held in guide-post states. It is perhaps more unfortunate for the Democrats than for the Republican, though the latter will be subjected to the necessity of going it blind whereas the Democrats know their candidate. This regrettable situation makes it more necessary than usual to weigh the Republican possibilities, since there is no way of altering any mistake that may be made in June. Later on, these articles will have more to say about these possible Presidents, but for the present it is enough to plant a few mere sign posts, as follows:

Borah, as Johnson says—though it took no Johnson to see it—cannot be nominated, so that is out. Landon is not a "dray"; he has made at least as good a record as an unusual governor as did James M. Cox, who was very rightly nominated because of that record. Vandenberg does have a foot in too many camps, but that has happened before; in 1920, for instance, Hoover couldn't make up his mind whether to run as a Democrat or as a Republican, and so ran as both until the signs became evident that it was a Republican year. Vandenberg can't keep his real camp a secret long; the fierce light that beats upon a candidate will soon make him answer the question, "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die!" Knox appears to Johnson to be "a great guy," but that is because Johnson knows and likes him; to the nation he is as unknown as was Judge Alton B. Parker when the Democrats thought it shrewd politics to present the voters with a pig in a poke. The voters answered that too shrewd shrewdness with such a thundering adverse majority as had never been known before in American politics, and will again if any more pokes are presented unopened. There are no other candidates higher than the flop-house class.

The political situation this month is unusually disorganized. The Democrats know whom they

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are going to nominate, but would much like to know from where the attack is to come and what its nature will be. At present, they are proceeding on the belief that the candidate will be Landon. The issue, though it is in general the New Deal, is a chameleon; at present, the point of attack seems quite surely the orgy of spending, which has alarmed people never politically minded. But Roosevelt, recognizing that, met it in his Georgia speech with an assurance that the spending was over, just as, when the point of attack seemed likely to be the governmental jostling of business, he met that with the promise of a "breathing spell." As long as the situation keeps jumping around in this fashion, it would be foolish to predict what will be strategy in June and July, the months in which the war-maps are drawn. General Johnson offers the Republicans a chance if they adopt a "platform like the Democratic 1932 platform." Bosh. What happened to that platform is likely to make platforms, for some years to come, a topic for Amos 'n' Andy when the laughter grows mechanical. Nevertheless, platforms or no platforms, issues will be defined —following the recent course of events, in the acceptance speeches of the candidates.

TRIPTYCH OF THE THREE KINGS[1]

By FELIX TIMMERMANS

III. Right Wing

Although the moonlight flooded the snow-buried countryside, spreading a light of its own, Schrobberbeeck, the beggar, took a lighted lantern with him as he went to midnight Mass. He did it because he was afraid of God. It was not as in former years when on this day he and his friends went from house to house dressed as the three Kings with their star. This was the day he had most fun and pocketed the most pennies.

The fear of Christmas had got into him. It had started two years ago when Pitjevogel, the fisherman, and Suskewiet, the shepherd, and he had been making their rounds as the three Kings and had seen the Holy Family in a kermis wagon. The next year he had gone the rounds with Pitjevogel. Upon their return, filled with hot gin, they had come upon Suskewiet who had turned pious since the meeting with the Holy Family, dead upon his bed, a star in his hands and surrounded by a heavenly light.

The Christmas night wanted something from him. He felt God's hand at work. Fear constantly pressed around his heart and because he was afraid he now went to church every Sunday. Each time he feared that something holy would happen to him and he was more afraid of that than of the devil with whom Pitjevogel now associated. People were saying that in the past summer a terrific storm had broken out while the fisherman was bathing in the Nethe. His clothes had been carried off and in a great fright, Pitjevogel ran through the fields until he came to the house of an unfrocked priest who had dealings with the devil. Pitjevogel was so terrible to behold, that the priest thought it was the devil himself and said to him, "Welcome, Satan." "I am only Pitjevogel," said the fisherman shyly. But the priest had given himself away and now he taught Pitjevogel black magic with the help of a book called "The Black Ambrosius."

Since that day the fisherman spent as many silver dollars as one could imagine but each evening before sundown he had to be in his house. Formerly in the sultry summer nights when the eels were biting, Pitjevogel sat in his boat fishing, but now when the first star appeared in the sky nothing was to be seen of him. No amusement was great enough to tempt him out of doors when evening set in.

And Schrobberbeeck who had always thought much of Pitjevogel, for the fellow could make one laugh until one's sides split, avoided him, so as not to draw God's attention to himself.

But he did not steal less than usual for that was deep in his bones. He never succeeded in letting anything lay which he could take with him. And as was his wont, he wandered about the neighborhood, begged at each door and screwed up the blue of his inflamed eyes so that nothing more was to be seen but the yellow-white and mumbled an Our Father.

Now he had secured a house, a little wooden hut in which one of the peasants had formerly kept his tools. It was no longer in use but Schrobberbeeck had taken possession of it, slept and lived there and stored in it all he could beg and steal. He even had a piece of broken mirror in which he could see his greyish-red face with its bright red stubby beard. Though the rain came through the roof of the hut and the winds shook and rattled it as if it were a hanging signboard, he had the proud feeling of owning a house, and he had planted a little garden as big as a table in which to grow radishes. But he too did not appear at night for fear of the holy thing which seemed to dog his steps.

When he begged throughout the countryside,

[1] *This article, begun in last week's issue, is here concluded.*

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he always took off his greasy hat before each statue and picture of Our Lady and he did it each time for the same reason, in order to be in the good graces of God. And there were many statues in the vicinity, at least twenty. They stood about in their cloaks of stone, wood and plaster. One in a little box which hung in a tree, another on a tree stump and others again in little stone shrines. And as he repeated his greetings day after day he came to know them all. He knew by heart which color they were, how big they were, their names and what they were good for. He knew them all from the large Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows in the Béguine Woods to Our Lady of Rest who was no larger than a finger and who stood in the hollow of a willow tree which had been split by lightning. He also knew the Christ on the Cross at the Big Pond where the cows drank.

Filled with fear he had awaited Christmas for he was afraid that something holy would happen to him. First he had thought of spending the night in the Water Nymph. In an inn where people swear and drink gin God will not come, he thought. But again he was afraid that if he went there the punishment would not be lacking another night. O, where was his beggar's peace? Did he not formerly live carefree and happily from day to day?

But Christmas came nearer and nearer. He did not dare to go out with a star much as he would have liked to do so, for he was certain that it would not be good for him to play with a star, and so he thought of going to midnight Mass. Not for love, or faith or piety, but merely to ward off the mysterious. And to hearten himself in the moonlit solitude, he lighted the unnecessary lantern and started off for the distant church. He would have preferred to walk with his eyes shut in order not to see anything of the strange, solemn, snowy night which seemed to stare at him like a cat's eye flecked with sulphur.

Away in the distance the bell droned and he looked about for the others who must be going to Mass but he saw no trace of anyone. He was all alone on the road. His heart began to hammer and he felt himself getting smaller and smaller as if he were drowning in the moonlit, white solitude. When he had passed the black snow-covered mill the distance seemed again as far and fear pressed his heart like a vise. He stepped out as quickly as he could but did not dare to run. Why did he not dare to run?

Suddenly he came to the tree in which Our Lady of Refuge hung, a little porcelain figure with golden lilies on her dress. It gave him confidence and he pulled off his hat and looked up beseechingly. But Our Lady was no longer there! Only a moment ago when he had gone to fetch oil for his lantern she had still stood in her little wooden box! "Fallen down," he thought. But the snow lay smooth and untouched though he noticed that a little mouse must have run across the snow for he could see traces of dainty steps.

"It must have been stolen," said Schrobberbeeck, as he hurried on.

He crossed the road in order to reach the church the more quickly. And he thought of greeting Our Lady of Devotion who stood on the bridge on the other side of the stream. But she, too, was gone! Astonished, he stood still. The sounds of the bell died out, and the silence again pressed down over the land, this mysterious silence. He moved his lantern about and again he saw the traces of tiny steps in the snow.

Beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. And now he began to run. O, now the miracle was to happen, now it would choke him. But despite all of his fear he was as curious as an old woman to see if Our Lady for a Holy Death was still in the stone shrine behind the grating. No, she too had disappeared! The scrolled pedestal of imitation marble was empty and the silver flowers stood useless under their glass domes, the waxen and silver votive offerings and the smoky angels' heads.

Never in his life had Schrobberbeeck run so quickly. But no matter how quickly he ran he took heart to look up at the statues as he passed—they had all disappeared! Something had happened. Yes, something terribly holy had happened.

Once he had the pine woods with their hem of silver birches behind him he could see the church with its inviting lighted windows. Any minute now it would strike twelve. He ran past the mysterious silent pine trees. He did not dare to look up. Another half minute and the church and the houses would appear and the danger would be over.

Suddenly, from the left, he heard a noise, coming nearer and nearer, and soon he saw a little figure, not two feet high, running breathlessly through the snow. It had on a red dress and a light blue swaying cape and seven tin swords were stuck in its panting breast!

"Our Lady of the Béguine Woods," stammered Schrobberbeeck. He thought he would drop dead of fright as the figure came up to him and addressed him in an anxious, every-day voice which had nothing Mother-of-God about it: "O, dear Mr. Schrobberbeeck, dearest friend, you always greet me when you pass me by, help me, help me. I have been running for an hour, my feet hurt me so, my heart is breaking, please carry me to my crucified Son at the Big Pond. Or I shall be too late for His Christmas feast."

Pleadingly she stretched out her arms, the cape fell in lovely folds from her shoulders and a scent of violets surrounded her. Schrobberbeeck stood rigid with fright, stuttered but could not

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utter a single word. The holy thing was again present in all of its awesomeness. Silently, distressed he looked at her, his hair stood on end under his hat and his eyes bulged forth from their inflamed lids.

But Our Lady continued to plead, "O, carry me, Mr. Schrobberbeeck. You can run quickly and I am as light as a feather. If I must go alone it will take at least an hour and the feast will be over. O, help me, I will do anything for you. You see, I couldn't get away. A man knelt before my shrine and prayed. Someone who had sold his soul to the devil for a few dollars, someone who had run to an exiled priest during a storm and had fallen in with black magic. Dear God, how he prayed in the dead of night for my help, to save him from the devil who stood behind him like a snake on the tip of its tail. I had to help him first, didn't I, Schrobberbeeck? O, I had to battle so hard with the snake in order to save the man."

"Has Pitjevogel been saved then?" Schrobberbeeck asked suddenly with confidence.

"Yes," said Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, "but now carry me to my Son at the Big Pond."

A lovely light transfixed Schrobberbeeck's soul. "Dearest dear Lady," he sighed, "I do not dare to carry you, for my soul is as black as my feet."

"I will shine on it till it gleams, but now carry me, carry me."

"If that's all," said Schrobberbeeck, and he picked up Our Lady and carried her as lightly as a child in his arms and ran as quickly as his long legs would let him, through the dark pine woods, across the field and toward the Big Pond. In the distance stood the Cross in a mild light.

"Now put me down, and many thanks, Schrobberbeeck." Distraught, he put her down and she quickly ran away.

It seemed to Schrobberbeeck as if he had gone to heaven, for his heart had been so light while he was carrying the statue. Thoughtlessly he ran on, but what did he see! He knelt down in ecstacy. The Cross was all alight, the Christ seemed to be a living body, and in a semi-circle stood all of the statues of Our Lady of the vicinity each in its size, but now in real, not painted, wooden or stone dresses.

He knew them all. The porcelain one of Refuge, the one of plaster for Devotion, the one of Five Wounds, the one for a Holy Death, the one of the Red Roses, the one of Lovers, the one for our Daily Bread, the one for Purgatory, the one for the Wheat, for the Potatoes, for the Rain, even Our Lady of Rest, large as a finger, who stood way in front because she was so small. All of them stood there and waited. They had turned their heads toward the pine woods and as they saw Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows come running up, joyous movement arose among the twenty-five living statues. When Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows had taken her place in the center, they all knelt down, they lifted their arms in praise to the Son of all of them Who opened His beautiful eyes and looked at them lovingly.

In the circle of light, Schrobberbeeck saw how the wound in the breast of the Lord Jesus burst like a grape and slowly began to bleed. And Schrobberbeeck begged that it might always remain so. For this was heaven! . . .

The next day all of Our Ladies stood once again in their wooden and stone garments in their boxes, trees and shrines.

But in front of the shrine of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows in the Béguine Woods, they found Pitjevogel dead on his knees, his hands still tightly grasping the iron bars of the grating. A yellow snake, of which there are many in the Béguine Woods, lay dead next him with its belly slit open, terrible to behold. . . .

Schrobberbeeck had now become quite a different person in his heart. He had lost all of his fears and longed for more of such solemn moments. At night he even sat awaiting them and in church too he looked out for them.

Outwardly he remained the same, lived in his tumbled-down hut, begged and when he could pick up something that was not nailed down, he did not let it lie. That was in his bones and not even the strongest emotion of his soul could get that out of him.

Passerby in the Wind and Rain

Is there happiness in this house?
Ah, who knows?

Harshly the wind blows,
Hurling its breakers over
Too feeble cover:
Coerced by spray, by splashing,
By leaping of rain,
This cottage must launch on the flood of the air! . . .
Meanwhile, from the hearth, a gentle washing
Of light finds the rapt face and motionless hair
Of a girl oblivious of wind and of rain.
She is reading: one knows from her wavering look—
Sorrow subdues the smile on her lip—
That her spirit is living the life of the book.
The house is a ship, but she does not know it;
She does not fear lest the hurricane blow it
Too far from shore for life to persist—
Her spirit is deep in some human tryst!
Is she happy? Who knows!

Can one be happy, adrift on a ship
Lost in a swirl of wind and rain?

MARION CANBY.

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WHAT IS THE CROIX DE FEU?

By CHARLOTTE MURET

Recent happenings in France are in part to be explained by the impact of the Croix de Feu, an organization of anciens combattants and their friends. Madame Muret, who enjoys exceptional opportunities for studying French life, describes the work and aims of Colonel La Rocque in the following paper. She does not believe that the Croix de Feu can, "at present at all events, legitimately be compared to the Fascists or the Nazis." She regards it as the mouthpiece of "traditional French conservatism."—The Editors.

DURING the nineteenth century parliamentary institutions were the fashion in the political world, and all nations which wanted to be up-to-date sought to acquire them. This fashion apparently reached its apogee immediately after the great war, when ancient monarchies were falling on all sides like nine-pins before triumphant democracy, which had won the struggle. In the last fifteen years, however, the tide seems to have turned, and one state after another has resorted to some kind of dictatorship. For this reason the countries which cling tenaciously to their representative institutions look with anxiety on all movements which can be called authoritarian, wherever they appear.

A year and a half ago Paris was the scene of riots serious enough to cause the fall of the existing government, and for once these riots were not the work of the "Reds," but of the conservative elements. Those who were in Paris on July 14 of this year and saw the city sharply divided into two camps, the one under the Red flag, and the other under the tricolor, realize that the conflict, though latent, is not resolved, in fact it seems probable that the crucial struggle of M. Laval's Cabinet will be fought over the question of the suppression of the socalled "Leagues" and particularly of the Croix de Feu. It is therefore natural that Americans should begin to ask what this organization may be, and to wonder whether France is about to follow in the footsteps of Italy and Germany.

There is no doubt that economic distress is ultimately responsible for the appearance of most of these Leagues, of which the Croix de Feu is the most important. The depression has everywhere put a strain on the machinery of government, and favored the extremists. Like an ebbing tide, waning prosperity has laid bare many unsuspected wrecks, political as well as financial. During this trial both the Constitution and the party system in France have revealed certain weaknesses. Disgust with the selfishness and impotence of the deputies in the face of the national crisis, and alarm at the spread of Communism, and the seeming incapacity of government to check it has given strength to the Leagues. It was conditions much like these, though far more acute, which led Italy and Germany to resort to the desperate expedient of dictatorship, and therefore there is undoubted cause for alarm. Before concluding, however, that the Croix de Feu are embryo Fascists the movement should be examined in its reality.

The Croix de Feu were originally a group of veterans of the last war whose records were particularly honorable. The basis of their association was, according to their leader, "the total dedication of self to country and a reclassifying of moral values." Created in 1927, the organization was strengthened in 1930 and a systematic campaign of propaganda initiated. Since then the Croix de Feu have grown tremendously, adherences to their ranks increasing from 1,000 a month in October, 1933, to 4,000 a month in June, 1935. In addition, subsidiary groups, the "Sons of the Croix de Feu," the "Volontaires Nationaux," and the "Regroupements Nationaux" (the latter including women) have been added, and in June of this year their leader, Colonel de la Rocque, stated that adhesions to these various bodies had reached the figure of 15,000 a month. Much of this growth has occurred since the riots of February, 1934. Those served to crystallize opinion, and the severity with which they were put down, although it was perhaps inevitable, left much bitterness. In consequence, numbers of former combatants joined the Croix de Feu.

The organization now possesses a weekly newspaper, the *Flambeau,* which numbers among its contributors such well-known men as Paul Morand, André Maurois, André Demaison, and Firmin Roz. They have recently undertaken various social activities and have opened soup kitchens and medical clinics in the suburbs of Paris and in the provinces, as well as several vacation colonies for poor children. The money for these has come almost entirely from the entrance fees of new members. The organization itself boasts of being poor and it has few expenses. The great mass-meetings which are its most spectacular feature usually take place in the open air and cost almost nothing, for members come in their own cars or in buses which they hire themselves. As a rule, the chief and his immediate staff alone know where a meeting is to be held. Men are posted along the various roads to direct arrivals but each sen-

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tinel is told only the next step. These precautions are taken in order as far as possible to avoid conflicts with the Communist organizations.

That the Croix de Feu have outstripped other groups, such as the Jeunesse Patriote and the Front National is due largely to the personality of their chief and the moderation of his doctrines and methods. Lieutenant-Colonel de la Rocque has the dignity, the disciplined serenity, which so often characterize the French army officer. The key to his character may perhaps be found in his military training. The French *officier de carriére,* unlike his Prussian rival, enjoys little prestige in peace-times and he is, as a rule, essentially a man of duty, accustomed to discipline, and condemned to a life of poverty and hard work. Yet French officers are often great administrators.

Colonel de la Rocque spent much of his career in Morocco, that great school of administrators, and an anecdote of his life in the "Bled" illustrates his quality as man and leader. During the days when Lyautey was holding the country with a handful of men La Rocque commanded a remote outpost. The neighboring Arab chieftain was supposed to be an ally, but news reached La Rocque that his allegiance was wavering, and that he and others were plotting a revolt. A night had been fixed for a secret meeting of the clans in order to arrange an attack on the French outposts. La Rocque had very few soldiers, for every man that could be spared had been sent to France, and he therefore decided on a bold course. On the very day of the meeting he mounted his horse and rode alone and unarmed to the camp of the supposedly friendly chief.

"You have often asked me to visit you," he said coolly to the astonished Arab, "and today I have come."

The laws of desert hospitality are sacred, and the sheik received him cordially and invited him to the banquet. One by one throughout the evening the Arab chieftains arrived and taking their places at the feast watched the solitary Frenchman with sullen or curious eyes, but La Rocque showed neither fear nor surprise. That night he slept under his enemy's tent, hearing all about him the restless movements of armed men, but no harm came to him and in the morning he rode safely home accompanied by the respectful good wishes of his involuntary host. The serene courage and confidence of the Frenchman had captured Arab imagination, and there was no more talk of uprising in that region.

Such gestures reveal the born leader, and De la Rocque certainly has many of these qualities. He knows how to inspire personal devotion, and impose discipline; his courage and integrity are unquestioned, and he has a capacity for organization which is comparatively rare in France. On the other hand, he is not, like Mussolini and Hitler, a man of the people, and he has never passed through the stage of Socialism. He lacks not only the brutality and the bombast of certain dictators, but perhaps also a something of florid vigor, touching on vulgarity which stirs the emotion of crowds. He seems fitted to lead an élite, rather than to become the idol of the people.

Until quite recently his ideas were something of a mystery for he steadily refused to commit himself to any program beyond that of what might be called general reform. This year he has given several interviews and published a book entitled "Public Service," but it cannot be said that even now his ideas are entirely clear. A large part of the book is devoted to criticism of existing conditions, of the weakness of the executive power, the corruption of the political personnel, the selfishness of parties. His constructive suggestions are rather vague. He wishes a "moral regeneration" of the country through "union and sacrifice," a revision of the Constitution in order to give more permanence to the executive power, a thorough clean-up of scandals, and increased control of industry and finance by the government. This is approximately the program which M. Doumergue proposed but failed to carry through, such measures are probably necessary, and are neither impossible nor revolutionary. The keynote of the book is nationalism, but its tone is moderate, and a distrust of abstract theory, a constant search for compromise characterize it.

A comparison between this book and Hitler's "Mein Kampf" is illuminating. Instead of the intolerance, the arrogant self-assertiveness, the negation of all scruple which make the latter a declaration of war, there is in La Rocque's book an obvious searching for a middle way. Thus, while he speaks with scorn of the "inhuman" doctrines of economic liberalism, he condemns equally *étatism* and the totalitarian State. He criticizes "electoralism" (that is to say perpetual catering to the votes of tomorrow) and would curb the undue influence of parties, yet he wishes to retain popular representation. One of his clearest pronouncements is against the racist and anti-semitic theories of National-Socialism, and in a recent interview he reaffirmed this attitude, and repeated that the Croix de Feu are opposed not to the parliamentary régime, but to the present abuse of it.

On the whole the most serious criticism of his book, and of his program is that they present no new philosophy, scarcely even a definite plan of action. On the whole his ideas are simply those of traditional French conservatism, and the essential part of his program is resistance to revolution. This is why he has won the sympathy of a certain number of moderate men, who would shrink from anything they believed to be Fascism.

For the Croix de Feu cannot, at present at all events, legitimately be compared to the Fascists

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or the Nazis. The assertions of the Left-wing press are wholly untrustworthy in this matter, since to accuse their enemies of every crime is, according to the habits of French political life, a mere matter of tactics. There are undeniably, in addition to a certain likeness of circumstance, some further points of resemblance. Thus, like the Fascists and the Nazis, the Leagues were primarily created to resist Bolshevism, they are organized on a semi-military basis, and they advocate a stronger central authority. Yet a closer examination shows fundamental differences. In the first place, the great emotional appeal of Fascism was to national pride. It has often been pointed out that both Italy, the victor, and Germany, the vanquished, have suffered since the war from a sense of defeat, a sort of national "inferiority complex." This does not exist in France, for though anxious as to the future, she does not feel defeated. Moreover Italy, and, in a lesser degree, Germany, had vital economic problems to face. Italy's population is far too large for her natural resources, and German industry was developed in proportion to the raw materials of an empire which she no longer owns. France, on the contrary, whatever her present economic difficulties, is what Frank Simonds calls a "sated" nation. In Italy and Germany, therefore, wounded pride and injured pocketbook combined to make aggressive nationalism a passion, whereas in France these motives are lacking.

It is certain, too, that both Fascists and Nazis drew much of their strength from a ruined middle-class, embittered by inflation and post-war disorder, and desperate enough for any adventure. In France, despite the loss of four-fifths of their capital, the middle classes had succeeded before the depression not only in keeping a foothold in the social structure but in re-creating some portion of their wealth. In spite of hard times they are not desperate. Thus, most of those who in Germany followed Hitler, in France are still content to call themselves Radical-Socialists.

A third factor which led to dictatorship in Italy and Germany was a certain political naïveté. To give oneself blindly to a leader implies faith as well as desperation. Frenchmen are more sceptical and they have also had some experience in dictatorships which may well keep hero-worship within bounds. In consequence, no doubt, of these facts the Croix de Feu differ from the Fascists in doctrines and methods. Though they wish increased authority for the government they do not worship the State, or justify persecution and arbitrary violence for its sake. They have not yet fallen victim to the fatal idea which is common to all dictatorships, Russian, Italian or German, that the end justifies the means. Nor does one find in their writings or speeches the ruthless and fanatical intolerance which can make dictatorships odious.

Their tactics, too, are far more moderate. Whereas the Black and Brown Shirts led a campaign of sporadic violence almost from their birth, the Croix de Feu have since the riots of February, 1934, tried as far as possible to avoid actual conflict. When President Doumergue's government was overthrown De la Rocque sternly held his men in check, and he has again declared within the last few weeks that the Croix de Feu do not wish to change the régime, and will not precipitate civil war.

This relative moderation is one reason why they have been more successful in attracting recruits than certain other groups, such as the royalist party of the Action Française. In no country are men more jealous of their privacy, more resentful of the encroachments of the State, more devoted to an excessive liberty of the press, and to the ideas of civil and personal equality than in France. It would only be if conditions were radically to change, if there should be inflation and the ruin of the small property-owners who are so large a part of the population, or a period of communistic anarchy such as there was in Italy in 1921, that the Croix de Feu might take on an importance which they do not possess today. At present they draw their recruits almost entirely from the upper middle-class, and have only a very limited popular appeal. They are, in fact, only a highly selected group whose influence comes rather from discipline and prestige than from any potential numerical strength.

So far they are dangerous only to those who wish to establish a dictatorship of the Left. It is for this reason that the Front Populaire (the united Communists and Socialists) are clamoring for their suppression, although they show themselves no inclination to lay down arms. They accuse the Croix de Feu of being a danger to democracy and to the State, yet the Communists, at least, make no secret of their desire to establish a revolutionary dictatorship by whatever means they can.

It is certain that every extra-parliamentary movement is a danger to legal government, and if M. Laval could suppress them all he would be doing his country a great service. But to disband the Leagues and forbid their propaganda while leaving the Front Populaire free to carry on its agitation unimpeded would seem an injustice to many Frenchmen who feel that a Proletarian Dictatorship is much more to be feared than the alleged menace of Fascism.

It should never be forgotten that the weakness of the government opened the door to dictatorship in Italy and Russia. It is to be hoped that M. Laval or someone like him will prove strong enough to maintain order and enable the country to weather the crisis without falling a prey to either Bolshevism or Fascism.

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MODERNS AND THE MASS

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

THE LITURGY of Catholic worship in its widest sense has a distinct influence in the development of the esthetic sense in the worshipers. The most dramatic and impressive ceremonial possible to devise has sprung from the effort to translate the significance of the Mass into sign and gesture. Many of the supreme creations of music have resulted from the attempt to express through concords of sound the subtle religious emotions aroused by the unbloody renewal of the sacrifice of Calvary. The vast majority of the immortal masterpieces of painting have been inspired by the religious impulse. The cathedrals of Europe, enriched with the priceless paintings of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Michelangelo, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolommeo, remain to this day as the great art treasures of the world.

The modern traveler is surprised to learn too that practically all the themes of these great painters are religious ones. In walking through the lovely old Dominican monastery of San Marco in Florence where Savanarola presided as prior, the writer observed on the wall of almost every cell a religious painting from the brush of the immortal Fra Angelico. Art thus served as the handmaid of religion, quickening the devotion of the individual and seeking to render the supernatural more vivid and real to him through the most beautiful productions of the creative geniuses of the race. So, too, the great sculptors found in religion the stimulus to create immortal works. The traveler who will stand for fifteen minutes before the great statue of Moses, by Michelangelo, in St. Peter in Chains in Rome, will receive an impression of the stern character of the great law-giver of the Israelites, which for vividness and richness could be duplicated by probably no other means in the world.

The lavish use of the fine arts in the embellishment of Catholic worship exercises both consciously and unconsciously its influence in developing the appreciation of the beautiful. In "Psychological Principles of Education" (pages 245-248), H. H. Horne says:

> This unconsciousness is as truly emotional in character as it is intellectual or volitional. And the sense of beauty is the finest differentiation of the life of feeling in man. The coldness of intellectuality and the narrowness of practicality are warmed and widened through the love of the beautiful. To an intellectual soul beauty says there are values that can be felt which cannot be described; to a practical soul beauty says there are useless things which are also precious. The knowledge of the truth makes one discerning, but not tender; the volition of the good makes one correct, but not attractive; it is the love of beauty that unifies a life in one perfect whole.
>
> The sense of beauty is cultivated when the eyes and ears and soul are open to the perfections of the work of man and nature; when a badly constructed building offends; when the eyes rest with content upon a perfect statue or a splendid picture; when the ear enjoys a symphony, and the soul is thrilled with the meaningful message of literature; when the hills give strength, and the sky exaltation; when the mountain lake gives peace and the ocean stirs a divine discontent within; when the rainbow gives promise, and the sunset vision, and the evening time, light; when the night brings no terror, and the storm a sublime awe; when all the visible and audible forms of nature quicken in man the sense that the perfect is here about us in the material world and only waiting to be enjoyed; when, in short, man's nature is offended at all ugliness and rejoices in all beauty.

It is esthetic sentiments of this nature aroused and fostered by the sublime stirrings of religious experience which find portrayal in the matchless lines of Wordsworth—lines which echo the feelings of every devout worshiper at the great drama of the Mass:

> I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Students of the psychology of esthetics from Edmund Burke, who attempted to correlate the feeling of beauty with a general physiological relaxation and that of sublimity with physiological strain and tension, down to Zeising and Fechner, who has attempted to place it on an experimental basis and reduce it to an exact science, have recognized the kinship of the esthetic and the moral sentiments. George Eliot gives apt expression to the intimacy of the relationship between these two sentiments when she writes in "Romola":

> It seems to me beauty is part of the finished language by which goodness speaks.

The liturgy of the Mass drawing the congregation into an active participation in the action, instead of allowing them to remain mere passive spectators, affords suitable expression for the aroused emotions, thus completing what is called in technical psychology the sensory-motor arc. In

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providing appropriate modes of reaction the ceremonies of the Mass play an important psychological rôle in the efficient conduct of these subtle emotions. For, as James has pointed out, emotions involve not merely perceptions but appreciable organic reverberations along the motor paths which if impeded clog the emotion and bring it to an untimely end. Thus, says James in tracing the genesis of an emotion on its physiological side ("Principles of Psychology," II, 473-474):

> An object falls on a sense-organ, affects a cortical part, and is perceived; or else the latter, excited inwardly, gives rise to an idea of the same object. Quick as a flash, the reflex currents pass down through their preordained channels, alter the condition of muscle, skin and viscus; and these alterations, perceived, like the original object, in as many portions of the cortex, combine with it in consciousness and transform it from an object-simply-apprehended into an object-emotionally-felt.

It becomes obvious, therefore, that in providing expression for these bodily reverberations, ceremonies play an important part in the genesis and development of even the subtler emotions of an esthetic character.

From what has been said thus far, it becomes evident even to a visitor from outside the fold that the ceremonies of that central act of Catholic worship, the Sacrifice of the Mass, are by no means so much meaningless jargon, so many idle gestures. Much less do they savor of superstition or represent an unconscious heritage of tribal tabus or primitive magic. On the contrary, they represent the supreme achievement of the human mind in the enlistment of the whole human personality in the rendering of public worship to Almighty God. They induce a mental attitude and an emotional tone that harmonize admirably with the overt act of homage, giving to it an inner depth and a resonance without which it would be merely a mechanical gesture of rote character. Just as there is a world of difference between the discord produced by the novice who thwacks away clumsily upon the cords of the violin and the rare melody teased from the strings by the deft touches of a master artist, so there is a corresponding difference between the clangerous reverberations produced on the bodily sounding board by the haphazard movements and bodily swaying of the amateur evangelist, and the delicate concord of emotional tones that swell into a great psychic symphony from the carefully planned harmonium of prayer and ceremony that constitute the sublime drama of the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary.

Some time ago the writer stood in a mosque just off The Street Called Straight in the ancient city of Damascus witnessing the performance of the Howling and Dancing Dervishes. The violent physical capers, the continued whirling with its consequent disturbance of the semi-circular canals and incipient vertigo, the incessant howling, frequently of a single phrase, indicate the utter abandon with which the devotee works himself into a religious frenzy. While in this state of *majdhub* or frenzy the Rifa'ites or howling dervishes cut themselves with knives, eat small serpents, and handle live coals and red-hot iron. Here is a religious ceremonial which by the violence of its gyrations unleashes such a riotous tumult of organic reverberations as to overwhelm reason, hurling it into a sort of hypnotic daze.

In the Mosque of Santa Sophia in Constantinople the visitor saw exemplified the ritual which regulates the manner of praying of the vast majority of Mohammedans. While kneeling, the person in prayer sways back and forth repeatedly, and bends so low that at times he touches his head to the floor and at other times touches merely his hands to the floor. As the writer studied carefully the exercises which the Mohammedans were going through before him, he became conscious that they were really splendid calisthenics, but nothing more. Indeed upon investigating their genesis one discovers that this was apparently the primary purpose for which Mohammed had designed them—to serve as a wholesome antidote for the natural indolence of this people living, as they were, in a warm climate which strengthened their aversion to physical exercise. There is, however, no aptitude in these rather systematic calisthenic exercises to induce an attitude of religious devotion.

Not reaching such extremes in frenzy as the dervishes, but similar in kind are the antics at many Negro camp meetings, at meetings of the "Holy Rollers" and at some revival meetings where the evangelist jumps and shouts and works the audience into a state of great religious excitement where they are shouting ejaculations with partial incoherence. Indeed at times they reach a stage of utter nervous exhaustion, foaming at the mouth and losing consciousness.

Contrast the antics at such religious meetings, their wild abandon and lack of all restraint, with the calm, dignified, studied and restrained liturgy guiding the worship at the august drama of the Mass. Instead of the submergence of reason beneath the waves of emotions lashed into a tempest, there is the dignified curbing of emotion which keeps it always under the rein of reason. Instead of the chaotic arousal of all the religious susceptibilities of the individual into a near frenzy, there is the careful selection of the emotional tone that harmonizes best with the particular part of the Mass that is being enacted and its evocation only to such a gentle degree that it does not befog in any way the rational aspect of the act of worship. In other words, reason is always maintained upon the throne of conscious-

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ness in the various acts of worship in the Mass, instead of enthroning the emotions to the enslavement of reason in the excitation of religious frenzy and hysteria. Instead of the mere thumping upon all the notes in the bodily diapason with the resultant discord there is the intelligent selection of different notes and their deft grouping into measured cadences and moving symphonies.

Perhaps no one has described the psychological potency and exquisite charm of the ceremonies and prayers of the Mass with such haunting beauty as the great scholar of Oxford, Cardinal Newman. He says:

> To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He comes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before Whom angels bow and devils tremble. That is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all part of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as He passed by, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore."

Thus it will be seen that the ceremonies of Catholic worship and especially of its greatest action, the Sacrifice of the Mass, representing as they do the ripe fruits of nineteen centuries of the experience and the strivings of the human soul to articulate its love and devotion to its God and Saviour, stand out as among the supreme achievements of the human mind in the field of religious worship. They exemplify in a superb manner the basic principles and the latest findings of modern psychology in the domain of religious worship. They are the finished language through which the heart of the creature speaks to the heart of his God.

Recital

Sognando

In the motionless haze of interior heat
Diluted by music, illusion is sweet.
At two grand pianos two children are playing,
A fleeting and nebulous spell they are laying,
Dressed for enchantment in dim summer blue
With the misty aloofness of flowers in dew,
And the figures and instruments both are alike
As the clearly identical notes that they strike—
A grouping of pattern for tapestried pageant,
The coming to life of a delicate legend
Of two with fair hair who did dreamily drive
Twin ebony creatures profoundly alive,
Through the afternoon air blue as water on stone.
. . . Or is it one child who is playing alone
In front of a mirror which muses on magic
And gives back an image, the image of music?

Ritardando, Chiara

Quicksilver sets a quiet scene,
Raising muffled walls between
Appearance and its absolute;
Bright-eyed mirrors still are mute;
To reality's soft cry
The replica makes no reply
So this cannot be a mirror
But composed of something sheerer
Which can let the music through
Into the reflected view—
Liquid metal of the light
Repeating sound as well as sight.
In translucence not of glass
Hear the double music pass,
The duplicated melody
Which could not flow through mercury.

Quatro Mani

Mirror of light, a crystal blown
To bear reciprocated tone,
Between the twain bears mutual homage—
To Music herself of which theirs is the image;
Mirror of air which renders bluely
What the keen ear discerns so truly—
Music beyond day's farthest layer
Eternally the second player.

Semplicimente

. . . Then simultaneously the music stopped.
Like four white birds the young wrists rose and dropped
Serene and dreamlike, innocent of pride,
Four birds which had been flying side by side
Unconscious of the strangeness of a flight
Which moves in fourfold beauty through the light
Around the splendid spirals of a stair
Invisible and intricate in air.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—"Philosophy of the Sciences" will be the topic of the meeting of the American Catholic Philosophical Association at Cleveland, December 30 and 31. * * * The report in American newspapers that the Italian government, the Vatican and the German bishops were negotiating the question of using German Peter's pence money for an Italian war loan is categorically denied at Vatican City. * * * The Most Reverend Alphonse J. Smith, Bishop of Nashville, Tennessee, died December 16. Monsignor Joseph M. Gilmore, Chancellor of the Diocese of Helena, Montana, who has been named Bishop of Helena, is the first Montana priest to attain a bishopric. Auxiliary Bishop George L. Leech of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, has been named Bishop of Harrisburg to succeed the late Bishop McDevitt. Monsignor Hugh L. Lamb, Chancellor, has been named Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. * * * Last month the Benedictine Fathers from St. John's Abbey of Collegeville, Minnesota, conducted at St. Joseph's Church, Halifax, the first liturgical mission in the history of Eastern Canada. * * * The Venetian General Insurance Company has presented the Holy Father with 100 completed policies for poor churches that were unable to meet insurance requirements. * * * This Christmas the hamlet of Oberndorf, near Salzburg, Austria, will be the scene of the celebration of the 117th anniversary of "Silent Night, Holy Night," which was composed by the organist, Franz Gruber, at the instance of Joseph Mohr, the village priest, the author of the poem. The ceremonies, which will be attended by many Austrian musicians, will include shepherds' carols, a torch procession, midnight vespers and midnight Mass. * * * The *West Virginia Review* recently devoted a feature article to Monsignor Thomas Aquinas Quirk, who has been a priest for sixty-five years and still visits the families of his rural parish on horseback. * * * Because the islands were converted by missionaries from Central America, the Holy Father has named Our Lady of Guadalupe the Patroness of the Philippines. * * * The faithful in all sections of the nation recently renewed the pledge of the Legion of Decency. *Filmor,* official motion picture organ of the Catholic Parents Association in Spain, has noted "a marked improvement" in American films.

The Nation.—President Roosevelt predicted that only $500,000,000 will be put in the July, 1936, to July, 1937, budget for public works. This sum will be directly appropriated by Congress for specific works, and not, as at present, put into a general fund from which the executive makes the definite allocations. When this announcement was made, Mayor La Guardia of New York, speaking as president of the United States Conference of Mayors, warned that the cities were through with doles and insisted upon work relief when relief is necessary, and upon federal financing of relief when the local governments have too much trouble. * * * The Republicans have decided that they will hold their convention on June 9 in Cleveland; the Democrats will choose their convention site and date in January. * * * Herbert Hoover spoke in St. Louis, December 16, chiefly about relief. He demanded the decentralization of relief administration and asked that it be returned to the basis of "the voluntary spirit of human service." * * * Harry Hopkins issued figures which indicate that work relief construction to date has added to the nation's physical wealth something near $5,000,000,000. * * * A report shows that college enrolment in 1935 is up 6.6 percent over last year. The total this year is 1,071,320, excluding non-resident, home study and correspondence students, for the 588 approved colleges and universities. * * * Secretary of Labor Perkins presided over the second annual conference of national labor, social welfare and religious organizations cooperating to improve labor standards. Among the 26 invited groups were the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems and the N.C.W.C. A series of resolutions was passed, mostly aimed at the development of higher standards by action within the states. The most definite resolution, however, advocated passage of the Walsh Act "to give the government [federal] agency responsible for making contracts the right to specify certain labor conditions, as it now establishes certain standards of quality." In other words, NRA standards must be met by people selling to the government. * * * The AAA, said to be anticipating an adverse decision by the Supreme Court on the present cotton control law, which enforces restriction, is preparing a method of achieving control by voluntary action of Southern farmers.

The Wide World.—In presenting to the League Committee of Eighteen the sensational peace proposals agreed upon by the governments of France and Great Britain, Mr. Eden insisted that the terms were not final and that the judgment of "colleagues" was ardently desired. From numerous quarters, especially the smaller nations of Europe, came bitter complaints that the League had given in to Mussolini without putting up a real fight for recognition of the principle of sovereignty. It was then indicated that at the moment when the imposition of oil sanctions was imminent, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin as well as Premier Pierre Laval had grown convinced that Il Duce was determined to go down with all flags flying and would, therefore, not shy away from war. London was informed that the British had to reckon seriously with a conflict in the Mediterranean, which seemed too costly and grave a venture to risk. Ethiopia was naturally aroused by a proposal to deed about half its territory to Italy. On behalf of Emperor Haile Selassie, a demand was presented to the League for "free public debate" of the issues involved before a special meeting of the Assembly to be held at Christmas time. M. Benes intervened to say that the Anglo-French proposals would first have to

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be discussed by the Council. The lack of decisive action at Geneva necessarily prevented Italy from stating whether the terms were acceptable or not. At the Council meeting (December 18) a startling denouncement came when France and Britain abandoned the peace plan. Sir Samuel Hoare resigned from the Cabinet. * * * The London Naval Conference witnessed the formation of a solid front against Japanese suggestions of a "common upper level." By this was meant equality between Great Britain, Japan and the United States, and the subsequent adjustment of other naval powers to that figure. France and Italy took offense; and Mr. Norman Davis, spokesman for Washington, made a plea for the retention of the ratio system. * * * Establishing an "autonomous" North China has not been a wholly peaceful undertaking, although the clashes have so far been limited to small groups. Pro-Japanese forces seized the city of Tangku, which is the harbor of Tientsin; students rioted in Peiping, and formal inauguration of the new "autonomous" government was postponed. * * * President Thomas A. Masaryk of Czechoslovakia resigned, pleading old age. He has presided over the destinies of the republic ever since 1918, and is now 85. M. Benes was named his successor, opposition to his candidacy proving relatively slight. Austrian legitimists saw in the going of Masaryk the removal of a major obstacle to Hapsburg resignation. * * * The large bronze statue of Saint Christopher, paid for by members of the police force of yore and stationed outside police headquarters in Duesseldorf, Germany, was ordered removed by the Nazi secret police. Permission was given to melt the bronze into a dozen busts of Hitler and Goering, which are to be placed at various police stations. The charge against Saint Christopher was "undesirable religious propaganda."

* * * *

Hopes and Fears.—The Townsend Old-Age Revolving Pension Plan Movement has sent to every member of the House of Representatives a questionnaire calling for quotable, categorical yes or no answers on three simple questions: "Are you in favor of the plan?" "Did you vote for H. R. 7154 [the McGroarty bill embodying the plan, which lost a test vote in the House last spring by a 4 to 1 majority]?" "Can we rely on your help to pass a bill embodying the Townsend plan?" At the same time the organization will file third party petitions in all the states of the Union in case the Republican and Democratic candidates fail to espouse a definite Townsend plank in their platforms. The nation's Townsend clubs number over 5,000; their local organizations and Washington lobby are said to be models of efficiency. The past success of less powerful anti-saloon and soldiers' bonus minorities leads them to expect a large nation-wide vote for the plan in 1936 with legislative enactment in 1937. These hopes received a boost, December 17, when a Republican with a Townsend plank, a candidate for the House in a Michigan district faithfully Republican for the last thirty years, was returned victor by a 2 to 1 margin. Politicians are said to be sorely worried by the plan's momentum, particularly in the West. In thrifty New Hampshire the results of a study in ten typical towns were made public by the New Hampshire Foundation, December 17. On the basis of actual findings it was estimated that compulsory spending of $200 a month by all New Hampshire inhabitants over 60 would be five times their normal expenditures today and twice the retail purchases of all the residents of the state. Taxes of $30,000,000 collected today for all state and local needs would have to be increased fivefold. Compared with this annual $150,000,000 are the $163,000,000 of manufactured goods produced in 1933 and the $195,000,000 total of accounts in state savings banks.

Calles Returns to Mexico.—Numerous tall stories have grown out of General Calles's "exile," which ended on December 13 when the "strong man" returned from Los Angeles to Mexico City by plane. It was rumored that a new "revolution" was in the making, and even that American authorities smiled benevolently upon the hard-headed *mestizo,* who is believed capable of maintaining better order (with fewer leanings to social extremes) than is hard-working and quite intellectualistic President Lazaro Cardenas, for whom Communism is evidently a serious thing. At any rate General Calles went back accompanied by Luis N. Morones, idol of CROM (Mexico's Regional Confederation of Labor), which has been cool to Cardenas. It was not sure that any great wave of popular enthusiasm greeted the returning exiles. Almost immediately President Cardenas removed two prominent military chieftains from office—one of them being the very influential General Joaquin Amaro. Charges of seditious activity were then lodged against five Senators, among them General Jose Maria Tapio, long a friend of Calles. Whispers from various sources indicated that Catholic groups had seemed bored and noncommunicative when a toast to the "strong man" was suggested. Many a sage observer was heard airing the view that the political weather in Mexico was exceedingly sultry, and some private storm signals were hoisted. There is also a persistent report that the United States may soon send to Mexico either a new Ambassador or a special envoy of high rank. Taken by and large, Catholic sentiment in the United States on the subject of the Roosevelt policy does not seem to have been greatly affected by the recent ceremonies at Notre Dame.

Socialist Split.—The Socialist party in America now has 17,000 dues-paying members, 6,000 fewer than two years ago. It claims an enrolled membership of 100,000, and its national candidates have at various times polled over 1,000,000 votes. It appears now irrevocably split in two. The left members in New York who withdrew from the conservative dominated local organization on December 4 and set up the "Official Socialist Party of New York" are seeking and probably obtaining the support of the National Executive Committee. Thus the "old guard" in New York, who have always dominated by far the most important branch of the Socialist party, will probably find themselves in January cut off from the national machine. They, however, control enough money

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and party institutions (such as the Rand School and the *Jewish Daily Forward*) to get along by themselves and constitute a powerful nucleus for a less radical social democratic organization. Norman Thomas and the National Executive Committee, believing themselves pushed by the development of Fascism and the threat of war, tend to a position less and less differentiated from that of Communist revolutionaries. Although they do not seem to accept the fateful economic and historical dogmas of the Third and Fourth Internationals, they have come to a position where the more conservative Socialists claim lurk the "undemocratic" beliefs in violent revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. They are certainly so near that position that the Fourth International, an opposition group of Marxists which includes Trotzky and who believe themselves far to the left of Stalin, consider most seriously allowing themselves to be absorbed in this country by the Socialist party. Norman Thomas himself is more and more expressing exclusive hope in the state as a weapon, and as a weapon which functions either altogether for his cause or altogether against it and for Fascism. Thus comes the drive for the conscious proletariat, even if a minority, to seize the state and hold it whenever the chance comes. No radical party can be very powerful until it receives the support of organized labor, and although the "old guard" Socialists are well hated by the new industrial unionists, it is still most doubtful if the industrial unionists would support a real Marxian revolutionary party. Certainly the craft unionists would not.

History in Boston.—The hard work of Monsignor Guilday and his associates has brought to completion all arrangements for what promises to be a red-letter annual meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association. Headquarters will be the Copley Plaza, Boston; the days are December 26 to 29 inclusive. Reservations, for which special reductions have been granted, ought to be made sufficiently in advance. Doubtless the chief item on the bill of fare for Day One is a reception in honor of Cardinal O'Connell, at which Monsignor M. J. Splaine will preside. Speakers throughout the day will include Professor Jeremiah D. M. Ford, the Reverend Robert Howard Lord, the Reverend John B. Mullin, the Reverend Philip J. Furlong, and Dr. Marie R. Madden. The *pièce de résistance* on Day Two will be Professor Ford's Presidential Address, but so much other history will be presented by a variety of eminent speakers—including Professors Marshall W. Baldwin, Perry G. E. Miller, (Rev.) Charles E. Scharder and Daniel Sargent—that even the most thirsty should go away filled to the brim. Those who survive (and we know that historians are indefatigable) may arise on Day Three prepared to listen with delight to Professor Samuel Eliot Morison's "The Catholic Traditions in Early Harvard." Other orators will include Professor M. R. P. McGuire, the Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, and Mr. George Shuster. Rarely if ever has so much scholarship been marshalled to edify and instruct Boston. Those interested in the Association as such should address Monsignor Peter Guilday, at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Catholic Children's Book Club.—A new Catholic book club has just been announced which emulates in a way the Garden City plan of Doubleday, Doran by being situated out of New York, in the present case in "busy and beautiful" Stamford, Connecticut. Mr. Ward Clarke, who is associated with the Spiritual Book Associates and Cardinal Hayes White List of books, will maintain a semi-formal connection with the new enterprise from the offices of the Spiritual Book Associates, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York City. The executive secretary of the club, to be known as the Pro Parvulis Book Club, is Mr. John J. Welsh, 207 Atlantic Street, Stamford, Connecticut. Six books a year will be mailed to the parents and children who subscribe $10. Three classifications of the juveniles are made: those for tots, six to ten years of age; boys, ten to fourteen; and girls, ten to fourteen. Selections of titles will be made by the Most Reverend Francis P. Keough, D. D., Bishop of Providence, Rhode Island, Honorary President, the Reverend Francis X. Downey, S. J., Editorial Chairman, and Miss Mary F. Kiely, Children's Librarian, Editorial Secretary. Part membership may be arranged and a boys and girls lending library through the mails is being built up. The announcement of the club says, "Make your child a reader and you remove nearly every possibility of adolescent collapse."

Idea of a University.—At the recent celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Institut Catholique of Paris, Paul Claudel delivered a brilliant address, packed with apposite allusions to the Holy Land, the Old and New Testaments, Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas, Bossuet, Rabelais and Dr. Alexis Carrel. "The spirit of Christianity, whatever light and superficial minds may think of it, is a spirit of liberty, courage, audacity, initiative, as the nineteen centuries of its history bear witness. . . . Along with the spirit of liberty there is also the spirit of order that I should prefer to call the spirit of unity. . . . I am happy to realize that in this year 1935, as well as in the time of Dante and Siger de Brabant, there is in Paris a place consecrated to the parallel and often joint formation of all the faculties of mind and soul, where theologians and philosophers rub elbows with doctors, philologists and jurists and where the spirit of method, distinction and definition which has little by little built up the magnificent dogmatic edifice of our faith spreads its benefits over the secular disciplines that prosper in its shade. . . . That conviction that all things have something in common because they are the work of the same Author, working on the same plan . . . seems to me one of the best tonics for the mind, one of the most active stimuli not only toward poetic creation but toward scientific discovery. . . . The two benefits of a Christian institution are not only liberty and order. There is one which is still greater which is, besides, the product of the other two and it is called desire. The Christian student is not only a memory and an intelligence, a passive capacity of reception, of classification and digestion. He is a will in quest of something, an energy at work that has need not only of a method but of an aim and of what is rightly called an ideal. . . ."

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Lizette W. Reese.—Years ago, in the old *Smart Set,* Mr. H. L. Mencken sponsored the poetic excellence of Miss Lizette Reese, who in the midst of a downpour of imagist and polyphonic verse, was composing good lyrics in the sound, old-fashioned way. This and a few other "pushes" were enough to keep her from oblivion, but great popular attention was never accorded her simple and classical tradition, so faithful to the "gentle tradition" of her native Maryland. Everybody read "Tears," a sonnet of a genuinely Miltonic sort, but few read "Little Henrietta," though this is from numerous points of view as good an elegy as can be found in American literature, old style. She published quite a bit more—"A Branch of May" (1887), "A Handful of Lavender" (1891), and "Spicewood" (1920) among them—but she was never a prolific poet. We regret sincerely that the invitations dispatched to Miss Reese from THE COMMONWEAL found her "too old and tired" to comply. Born in Waverly, Maryland, in 1856, Miss Reese was during most of her life a school-ma'am, with a deep sense of professional integrity. She died on December 17, at Baltimore.

Christmas.—The doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ which so beautifully explains the continuing life and mission of Our Lord with all of us day by day, in addition to His life and mission as a man between Bethlehem and Calvary, is incomparably objectivized in an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts and books of great antiquity at the Morgan Library in New York. The colors are superb and exquisite; they quite put in the shade almost anything else except the Persian miniatures, and by comparison even with these they have a subtlety, daring and grace which is unique. Beginning with antique *speculums* which illustrate the pagan prophecies foretelling the birth of Christ, the books and manuscripts are arranged in a cycle illustrative of the Nativity. The gradual accretions through the years to the completer realization of the Nativity are thus clearly discernible. For instance, the Virgin and Gabriel are in early times, in the Coptic Bible of St. John of the Desert for example, always standing. Then in fourteenth-century Italian vignettes, the kneeling angel is first introduced and, later, the Italians and the Flemish develop the Nativity as a complicated interior scene. The gem of the exhibition, a jewel among gems, is a fifteenth-century Franco-Flemish adoration of the Child in a book of hours. The delicacy of the conception and execution, its delightful brilliance, is matched by other more luxuriantly executed miniatures but not excelled. Professor Kirsopp Lake, of Harvard University, lectured on the early history of the Christian winter festival, pointing out that the celebration of Christmas on December 25 went back to the fourth century and the celebration of Epiphany on January 6 was, and in many parts of the world still is, a rival for first place among Christian festivals.

Faith in Ethiopia.—The Right Reverend Eugene Tisserant, Pro-prefect of the Vatican Library, will have in the forthcoming numbers of *Liturgical Arts,* to appear at the end of this month, a scholarly historical study, "The Ethiopic Church." Monsignor Tisserant, with Cardinal Marchetti, and the Chinese priest, Father Yupin, and Father John J. Considine, M.M., was a member of the Papal Mission to the Sovereigns of Ethiopia in 1929. He writes that while there may have been Christians in Ethiopia during the times of the earliest apostles, the official evangelization begins in the fourth century with the creation of a bishopric under Saint Frumentius, ordained in Alexandria. The conversion of the people was remarkably rapid. In the fifth century, when the Egyptian Church fell into the Monophysite heresy, the Ethiopic Church followed it. During the struggle between Islam and Christianity, the history of Ethiopia is scarcely known, and it was not until the sixteenth century that contact with Europe was resumed. Catholic missionaries then took three years to circumnavigate Africa in small boats to reach Ethiopia and the martyrizations were numerous. The present Catholic organization in Ethiopia is described by Monsignor Tisserant, as well as the genesis of the Pontifical Ethiopian Seminary in Rome. He concludes with a description of the doctrines, literature, religious practises and rites of the Ethiopian Monophysites.

* * * *

Teeth for the SEC.—The Securities and Exchange Commission was formed with the basic idea of making the buying and selling of commodities and stocks and bonds as little as possible a gamble and as much as possible an investment transaction, and not at all a robbery. The SEC has been successful in enforcing its rules requiring the registration of new financial issues before they can be traded on the various exchanges. Its chief regulations concerning commodity trading are obeyed. It is now having a spectacular fight trying to enforce the dissolution of utility holding companies in accordance with a special federal law of uncertain constitutionality. It is also conducting a hard, if less colorful, fight to impose its ideas on the proper way to keep stock selling from being stock manipulation. SEC lawyers have been working since December 11 before the commission's trial examiner, William Green, to prove that an important New York broker, Michael J. Meehan, dealt in a stock improperly to manipulate a trader's profit for himself to the hurt of others. "The stock of Bellanca," the SEC charges, "could be called a 'dog,' and Meehan, we will undertake to prove, knew that very well. . . . His only interest in the company, we are prepared to show, was to use it as a vehicle to recoup his losses, which were represented in collateral held in his wife's name, and in the possibilities that it might offer a reasonable opportunity for market manipulation." Apparently the SEC was trying to indicate that Meehan spread false rumors, arranged "matched orders" of canceling buys and sells to make the issue look active, put his friends in and failed to take them out, immobilized blocks of stock by getting friends to carry them with a guarantee against loss. The SEC was calling eighty witnesses, but up to the time we went to press none had declared that he felt a "dupe" of Mr. Meehan.

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The Play and Screen

Paradise Lost

MR. CLIFFORD ODETS is the author of one excellent play of character, "Awake and Sing"; of one effective piece of melodramatic communistic propaganda, "Waiting for Lefty"; of one unreal and ineffective play on the Nazis, "Till the Day I Die"; and now of a play so confused, pretentious and basically humorless that it is almost a burlesque. Yet this same Mr. Odets has been, and is still being, proclaimed by certain critics the most vital and promising talent in the American theatre. After the production of "Paradise Lost" there has indeed been wavering in the chorus, and yet while no writer dared to assert that his latest play added anything to his laurels, some of them insisted that neither did it take anything away. If it did not, perhaps it was that there was not so much to take away as some had imagined. "Paradise Lost" is practically the same play as "Awake and Sing," but a vastly inferior one. It has nearly the same story and the same characters, and though the author asserts that he is writing about a typical middle-class American family, the Gordons and their associates are just as Jewish as was the family in "Awake and Sing," and their abode very probably still the Bronx.

We are told that Odets has gone Chekov, but whereas the irrelevant remarks in Chekov all are part of his character building, in Odets they are just irrelevant remarks. Moreover, the method of Chekov does not fit the American scene with its sharp-edged life, hard clear atmosphere, and absence of the emotional vibrations created by a common tradition. Where Mr. Odets is best is in his passage of swift brutal drama; his poetic imaginings too often border on the purple, and when he mounts his communistic Pegasus he rides a spavined steed!

It would be difficult to tell the story of "Paradise Lost," indeed there are times, including the whole first act, when the knowledge of what happens is the secret of the author alone. It is enough to say that the play deals with a decaying family in which one son has the sleeping-sickness, another is being deceived by his wife and as a consequence of his disappointment joins the man who is his betrayer in a hold-up, and gets killed. There is also a daughter who is a frustrated pianist and who continually plays the instrument off-stage as atmospheric accompaniment to the poetic or tender scenes, quite in the manner of old-time popular-priced melodrama. Then there is a furnace-man, an Anglo-Saxon, who whenever he appears spouts communistic sentiments, and a number of other people, most of them either mad, criminal or abnormal. Now if Mr. Odets had contented himself with giving us quite frankly a study of abnormal psychology it would have been understandable, even if not particularly important; but it is apparent that spurred on by his admirers, he was determined to write an Important Play or burst—and I for one insist that he has burst! It is a pity, for Mr. Odets has a sense of the theatre. The Group Theatre has staged and cast the play well, and special words of praise ought to go to Morris Carnovsky, Stella Adler, Luther Adler and Roman Bohnen. (At the Longacre Theatre.)

Ghosts

WHAT magnificent acting can accomplish even in an old and distinctly dated play is proved in Mme. Nazimova's production of Ibsen's "Ghosts." In the part of Mrs. Alving, Mme. Nazimova gives perhaps the finest performance of her career, the fulfilment of a promise she showed in those long-ago days at the old Bijou Theatre. Unfortunately for many years Mme. Nazimova wandered into bad habits in her acting, but with her engagement by Miss Le Gallienne and her performance in "Morning Becomes Electra" she took again her rightful place among the stage's supreme actresses. Her Mrs. Alving is compounded of tenderness, womanly feeling, and tragic hopelessness, a performance which well deserved the cheers with which it was greeted at the final curtain. And in her choice of Harry Ellerbe as Oswald, and of McKay Morris as Pastor Manders she has given us two of the finest Ibsen enactments the New York stage has seen. Mr. Ellerbe was in particular telling and pathetic because of his surface normality, while Mr. Morris's sometimes unfortunate quality of enunciation seemed somehow appropriate in the part of the Pastor. The other parts were adequately done, though Ona Munson could have got more out of Regina's last scene than she did. Under Mme. Nazimova's direction "Ghosts" has taken on renewed life. (At the Empire Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Bride Comes Home

DEFT comedy and light romance flow merrily at a dark tempo, directing attention (together with the expertness of the performances) away from the slightness of plot—a modern affair that is staged in the magazine publishing offices of a millionaire playboy. The two young romancers, delightful Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, menaced by Robert Young, who, too, would like to marry the girl, literally battle their way to the altar A jolly piece of Colbert entertainment, but there's nary a single illuminating characteristic that shines above all of the horseplay. (Generally Released January 6.)

The Littlest Rebel

DEXTROUS young Shirley Temple makes her début in so-called "straight drama," but not without a generous sprinkling of the Shirley Temple smile, song and dance. A Civil War "meller," but not quite a Civil War "tear-jerker." The atmosphere of North-and-South conflict is vivid, and, of course, Shirley, a buffeted child of war-storm, wins the life-saving pardon for her captured soldier father from Mr. Lincoln himself. The extent to which the production reaches a Shirley Temple domination is quickly recognized in the few sequences in which she does not appear, and this with due consideration of supporting players' contributions—John Boles, Jack Holt, Karen Morley, Bill Robinson. (Generally Released December 27.)

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Communications

CATHOLICS AND AGRICULTURE

Oshkosh, Wis.

TO the Editor: One of the most satisfactory editorials that I have read in months is that in THE COMMONWEAL of November 8; and, as I think, it involves the most important problem before the nation today, not only for Catholics but equally for non-Catholics. It involves the problem of making a living; also of making a better living than the mass of workers in the industrial centers are making at present; and it also involves the problem of unemployment.

Bishop O'Hara is eminently right when he says, as stated in your editorial, that "land is the basis of a way of life, and not a mere pawn on the chessboard of speculation." He could make it stronger, and say that land is the basis of all life. And Father Campbell is also distinctly right when he says that "we must get away from highly capitalized farming, that high-priced land and lavish and costly farm equipment are closing the door of land ownership against the many and turning the ownership of land over to the few, that the small or family size farm [should] take the place of the large and highly mechanized farm. . . . We are opposed to the domination of the economic life of agriculture by forces that are outside of agriculture and have no immediate interest in it save what they can get out of it in dollars and cents. We are also opposed to government control of agriculture."

Right, emphatically right, both of these wise men. Unfortunately they have not pointed out the method, nor any method, of securing the conditions desired. But Father Campbell puts his finger directly on the evil, the fundamental cause of present conditions: "highly capitalized farming"; "high priced land."

Our ancestors were driven to this country to escape landlordism; or, if you prefer, to escape tenancy. A dozen acres of land might have supported a family in reasonable comfort. But when half the product laboriously produced from these few acres must be surrendered for the support of the landlord and his family it left the producer's family only a meager subsistence, often in sheer want. Now we are learning that landlordism works its evil effect as readily here as in Europe. Why shouldn't it? The natural laws of economics are the same everywhere. If the tenant must give half his product to another who produces nothing, it often means the difference between comfort and misery. And let it be clearly kept in mind that the landlord—the receiver of ground rent—produces nothing, creates nothing, adds nothing to the common wealth, serves no useful purpose in the national economy. Ground rent is a "something for nothing" proposition.

Bishop O'Hara and Father Campbell must see, as any observant person can see, that landlordism is a growing institution, and that the small individual farmer is being crowded out of existence. What hope can these clergymen have to stop that tendency, or even to delay it? What hope can they have to make settlements of small farmers against conditions that are destroying the small independent farmer everywhere? Nothing could be more hopeless. Economic law is working against them.

But let them work to take capitalization out of land. While it will be slow, hard and discouraging work they will then be working with economic law in their favor, and not against them. For landlordism must be destroyed, or the small independent farmer must be destroyed. Landlordism can only exist on the unearned income from capitalized land.

The intelligent and effective and simple means of taking capitalization out of land is to collect the annual ground rent into the public treasuries, local, state or national as the circumstances may warrant. When the ground rent is taken by the public for public purposes, the land, of course, will have no capitalized or commercial value; but its productive value, its use value, will be unimpaired. These are the only values the working farmer is interested in.

How hopeless it is now for a working man, even if fully employed, to save the price of even a small farm, at $75 to $150 or more an acre, need not be pointed out. How utterly hopeless it is for an unemployed man! Sixty or seventy-five years ago when land could be had for $5 to $10 an acre, there were no unemployed. Let the public collect the annual ground rent and you will at once return to that condition as to land values. It is something to think of and to study carefully. I commend it to the Rural Life Bureau.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

THE CHURCH AND SALVATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: A most interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September is "A Roman Courtship," by Esme Howard. Lord Howard's fascinating story should be widely known, for it would help to do away with much of the prejudice those of our faith have toward others not of the Faith. There are thousands who not only firmly believe but who preach and teach that there can be absolutely no salvation outside the Church. I speak from sad experience. Yet how can one think of God's mercy as so limited and claim heaven exclusively for those of the Catholic faith! Those of us who had the privilege of knowing Cardinal Merry del Val feel it would please him to have his words on this subject live.

Lord Howard tells us how he went to see the Cardinal at the suggestion of an Italian girl with whom he was much in love. He told him that one of the reasons preventing him from joining the Catholic Church was the belief that those who did not die in the Catholic faith were condemned to eternal punishment. And Cardinal Merry del Val said:

"That no Catholic may say of any soul—no matter what its belief or its actions on earth—that it has been condemned eternally. It is for God alone to judge and not for any man, not even the Pope, who can only excommunicate, that is, declare a living person no longer a member of the Church on earth. Our Lord Himself on the Cross never declared that those who crucified Him and reviled Him would be damned. On the contrary, He

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prayed for them because they knew not what they did. The only declaration as to a future state He then made was the definite one that the penitent thief would be saved. The Church taught only that the Catholic faith was true, and held, what the Apostles taught, that to believe in it was necessary for salvation. At the same time the Catholic Church taught that those who through no fault of their own had lived in invincible ignorance of the truth of the Catholic doctrine, but yet lived an upright, charitable and righteous life according to their lights, would undoubtedly be pardoned by God for the offenses they had committed."

It was impossible for us, he continued, to know by what ways God the All-Merciful would condone offenses, even want of faith in Him and in the truths revealed to His Church. Only one thing we could say without doubt: this was that those, who, having seen the light, having understood the glory of God, deliberately and consciously turned their backs on Him and professed the devil and all his works could, clearly, not be pardoned their offenses, because they themselves did not wish it.

All men were given at some time or other the freedom, the complete and clear freedom of choice between God on the one side and the devil on the other. Once they deliberately rejected Him, no further hope was possible. They got that which they themselves had chosen. We could not tell how or when God would so reveal Himself to us. It might be for us a long process, a matter of years; it might be done in the twinkling of an eye at the very moment of death, for time was nothing to God; a thousand years were as a day in His sight.

Therefore we mortals could never say that any man was condemned. All we knew was that God was both all-just and all-merciful. It was for us to act in such a way as to deserve His mercy. Unless we committed the unpardonable offense against the Holy Ghost by refusing to accept God when He was revealed to us, we need never despair, either for ourselves or for others.

MARIELI BENZIGER.

WHAT OF THE NEGRO?

Somerset, Ohio.

TO the Editor: The late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson at one time assigned the testimony of the scoundrels within her fold as a fifth mark of the Church. Yet another mark of her divine institution might be said to be the very paradoxicality of the Catholic Church. Never practical in the merely mundane acceptation of the term, Holy Mother Church has yet been the most sane guide of the ages. Wise, conservative, kindly, prudent, she has above all been practical. Experience has confirmed over and over again the enunciation of the Wise Man that there is nothing new under the sun (Ecclesiastes, i, 10). "Survivals and new arrivals," seemingly infinite successions of "old errors and new labels": she has experienced them all and maintained her position in an intensely practical manner.

Perhaps in no other way is this practicality of the Church more manifest than in the fact of the saints. If the life of our Mother the Church has been rich and glowing it is only because from out of her travail she has brought forth saintly children. In his biography of Saint Ignatius, Mr. Christopher Hollis expressed a truth which is becoming daily more recognized. He says: "It is by the saints that the experiment of the human race will be judged to have succeeded or failed." More than any other class of men they have believed that the Divine Plan can be made to work. Throughout the ages and under all circumstances they have lived and died in proof of that contention. Hence it is that in all the varying needs of her children and to the discomfiture of her enemies the Catholic Church has ever been able to present the life and example of one who dwelt in the world but was not of it. To those who are weighed down by the awful dailiness of modern life she recommends Saint Thérèse and her "little way." Or again, she feels the need of setting at rest the disquietude concerning the world—the opposition of science and religion; and Albert the Great, scientist and theologian, is canonized and declared "Doctor Universalis." During our own contemporary bedlam of nationalism and false economics she suggests that we study the lives and teachings of Saints John Fisher and Thomas More.

Narrowing our vision somewhat, we are faced by the Church and her problems and their solutions here in the United States. The problems are many, but of their number one especially demands our attention. It has been formulated thus: "What of the Negro?" The question is not of yesterday; indeed, it has been forcing itself upon our attention in various quarters during the past few years, and to what avail? I would not here presume to enter upon a discussion of the problem of the Negro and his gradual absorption into the Catholic Church. Fathers John Thomas Gillard, S. S. J., and John La Farge, S. J. (COMMONWEAL, July 5), have written of the question and its pertinency to the American Catholic scene at the present time. I would only suggest as a solution that we become practical and consider a heavenly advocate and patron—a saint for the Negro.

His name is Martin de Porres and next year will be the centenary of his beatification. Born in Lima, Peru, in 1579, Martin was the son of a freed Negress and of a Spanish knight of Alcantara. His entire life was spent for others as a Dominican lay brother. His passing in 1639 was mourned by the entire populace of his native city.

God does everything in His own good time. He has permitted the name of His little "dog of a mulatto"—as Martin liked to be called—to remain hidden, seemingly for a more propitious time. That that time has arrived should be evident to all interested in the Negro and the rôle which he can assume in Catholic Action.

We must pray for the canonization of Martin de Porres. All of us as American Catholics, irrespective of color, and by virtue of our membership in Christ's Mystical Body, must unite in an assault upon heaven. Only by prayer and good works may we hope to secure a patron and advocate for the Negro and let him take his place in the advancement of Christ's kingdom of Charity and Truth here upon earth.

BROTHER MARK BARRON, O. P.

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Books

About a Saint

Edmund Campion, by Evelyn Waugh. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

"EDMUND CAMPION," by Evelyn Waugh, receives from the reviewers an entirely different sort of notice than his novels, "The Decline and Fall" and "Vile Bodies," and the recent "A Handful of Dust" did. They were recognized as being incredibly "smart," at least as brilliant as anything produced in their years, and as hard as brilliant things usually are. They were ultra-sophisticated. This biography of the Jesuit and martyr is for the most part not even read by the same critics; it is relegated to the more obscure columns left to "religious" books. It is considered a task undertaken in a spirit of duty by a clever man who was oddly converted, and obviously uninteresting to the unconverted sections of the intelligentsia. This is all too bad.

Of course the new biography has not the terribly funny (if also terribly grim) passages the earlier novels had, nor their so devastating and pleasing immediacy to the very smart and rich set which is supported as Society by society today. But all the virtues of the novelist except comedy enter the new book. The prose is crystalline and sparse and phrase by phrase lively with meaning. There are countless phrases and sentences that are staccato intellectual and artistic climaxes. There is all the form and elegance of a most clever and cultured university man. The relief, closely akin to humorous relief, a writer can give by exposing with almost ridiculous frankness some not too trite truth is frequent.

Writing about a saint, Evelyn Waugh has not stopped seeing anything and he has not given up any of his art. He now shows explicitly an integrated point of view about what he sees, a mastery of experience, and this appears to be the most evident change from "The Decline and Fall." The biography is more realistic than the novels. Those had a special kind of fantasy all through them; they were not afflicted by the extreme naturalism that thwarts so much modern fiction. The reality the author wanted to convey was often set forth in events by no means realistic in the sense that they might befall your neighbor, Mr. Jones. Tendencies, psychological states, metaphysical analyses were described as they could best be described, which was not necessarily in the complicated obscurity of ordinary physical sequences. With a cruel and really desperate honesty and a chilling precision, those books disintegrated a segment of society which was a not very consequential segment in itself, but a part diseased with diseases that seemed, and do seem, spreading. The way he presented the situation (and still did when a Catholic in "A Handful of Dust") without implying any solution or any criterion for judgment (other, perhaps, than a tendency to examine phenomena down to a metaphysical question), made him seem non-moral. The reader was left severely alone and the author himself seemed isolated from his work. In "Edmund Campion" the scene and people are examined with the same honesty and absence of

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Next Week

THE BATTLE AGAINST WAR, by Elizabeth M. Lynskey, deals in clear and precise fashion with three aspects of the problem the title describes. Miss Lynskey first reports various secular and religious peace movements. Then she reviews the recent actions and words of the Pope: "In this case, as in others, the Pope holds that his duty is to define only the principles of moral behavior" . . . the application of the principles in politics is not his. Finally, "Catholic peace action [which] may be expected to differ from the anti-war action of other groups," is described. . . . PORK WITH THEIR POTATOES: Here is the angry saga of the potato industry. Focusing on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, as the cradle of the Warren Potato Act, Bert Richards castigates with persuasive indignation the perpetrators of the present débacle in "spuds." Enforcement of the Act, he claims, "will complete the extinction of the independent, self-supporting potato and 'truck' farmer by subsidizing absentee landlords, money lenders and the selfish and unethical elements which the produce and fertilizer industries tolerate." . . . The DISPUTED TERRITORY that John Nibb writes about is the region of political morality for which Church and State and the individual vie. Attacking a general and crude interpretation of national sovereignty, or the scholastic *altum dominum*, which relegates morality to an obscure and undisturbed corner, the author proposes a strictly limited sphere for state authority. One of the oldest, most important and most passionate controversies in the world is thrown into our present world. . . . In JAPAN'S STATE POLICY, James A. Magner indicates certain political, cultural and religious difficulties that arise from having the absolute sovereignty of one's state vested in the divine descendent of the Sun Goddess. He gives the signs that "seem to point increasingly toward the submerging of vital party politics and the growth of a military Fascism behind the screen of perial absolutism."

attitudinizing, but the solution is an organic part of the whole; the integration and judgment are implicit in the subject and in the writer.

He tells a history with facts as hard to make coherent as any novelistic observation, and he does not force or "interpret" facts at all. The events are set in an implication of eternity as well as in the Elizabethan era, and the coherence is achieved by that. The same honesty which abstracted truths in the novels and embodied them in quasi-phantasy, here records a man's actions and finds they were embodied in a saint.

The book is really very good, if slightly dry, history. The dryness, as I have already indicated, is a deliberate avoidance of various types of luxuriousness and due to discipline, not dullness. It shows how Catholicism was preserved under Elizabeth so that later "it could reemerge, not as an alien fashion brought in from abroad, but as something historically and continuously English." It was preserved by "the great company of Englishmen who were to sacrifice their entire worldly prospects and their lives." Campion's life shows what was to be preserved; why it had to be preserved in that radical way, and, with great clarity, an example of the tragic way.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

More Government

Government in Business, by Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

"I THINK we should admit freely, with no quibbling, no qualifications, that the function of public business today is to do what must be done to assure the healthy survival of the whole community." By "healthy survival," Mr. Chase means the condition of a community which commands food, clothing, shelter, education, health and recreation in the measure essential for decent living, together with reasonable economic security. That it is the "function of public business" to assure these was declared in other words by Pope Leo XIII when he said: "The first duty, therefore, of the rulers of the State should be to make sure that the laws and institutions, the general character and administration of the commonwealth, shall be such as to produce of themselves public well-being and private prosperity." Laying down the same principle in concrete terms, the same Pontiff declared: "Whenever the general interest or any particular class suffers, or is threatened with evils, which can in no other way be met, the public authority must step in to meet them."

Through what mechanisms and measures shall the public authority perform this function? This is the question which separates collectivists of whatever degree from social reformers. It does not touch individualists at all because the latter deny that the task of assuring "healthy survival" is the business of the State. Hence they may be excluded from any realistic discussion.

In the first five chapters, Mr. Chase shows the steady increase of State intervention and participation in economic life which had begun in all the important countries of the world long before the Great War and which has

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greatly increased since that event everywhere, particularly in the United States. According to the author's estimate, 40 percent of our population was early in 1935 dependent directly or indirectly on federal or local government for its support. Space is wanting here for the specifications and proofs. But this estimate seems to be fully supported in the pages of this volume. The author believes that this increase in state intervention is inevitably destined to continue. How far should it be permitted to go?

The general answer to this question is given in Chapters VI, VII and VIII. Some thirty-two industries, from railroads to laundries, are enumerated which have for many years been treated by government as "affected with a public interest" and, therefore, subject to some degree of regulation. Of course, there are many others which neither the law nor the courts recognize as "affected with a public interest" but which ought to be so recognized. On the other hand, those businesses which are not needed for healthy survival "tend to fall in the zone of private enterprise." It is difficult to quarrel with this general distinction between the respective spheres of public and private business. What are its concrete implications?

Chapter IX, "The Field for Individual Initiative," presents a list of "luxuries and preferences with which public business is not primarily concerned." They range from alcohol and soft drinks through certain items of shelter, clothing, education, recreation and health to a large collection of "personal" goods which include jewelry, beauty shops, churches, tobacco, chewing gum and funerals. Inasmuch as the "survival budget" (which is the proper responsibility of government) does not even now require the activity of more than "33 percent of our man power," the field for private enterprise should increase, says the author, at the expense of public business.

What activities then come under the head of public business? The elementary services of food, shelter, clothing, education and health and primary recreation; also the materials and activities underlying these. The latter are summarized under the three heads of natural resources, capital goods and services.

What precisely does "public business" mean with regard to the foregoing industries? In answering this question, Mr. Chase departs from socialist orthodoxy. Indeed, he declares that recent changes in our industrial system have made "certain orthodox Socialist theories as obsolete as Watt's steam engine." In Chapter XIII, we are told that public business may take three main forms: (1) major regulation; (2) control-without-ownership, where key industrial decisions pass to the State; (3) ownership and operation by the State. Major regulation is illustrated in the NRA; control-without-ownership is shown in the operations of the Australian Sugar Control Board and the British Central Electricity Board. Wherever this method is feasible it is preferable, says the author, to outright ownership and operation, and he thinks it has a "wide application for public business in the power age." The third method of state intervention, namely, ownership and operation, is appropriate in the

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ORATE FRATRES
A Review Devoted to the Liturgical Apostolate

ENDEAVORS to respond to the "most ardent desire to see the true Christian spirit flourish in every respect and be preserved by the faithful," as expressed by Pope Pius X in his *Motu Proprio* of November 22, 1903—a spirit acquired "from its foremost and indispensable source, the most holy mysteries and the public and solemn prayer of the Church."

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field of great corporations. Even when it becomes necessary there, it should function through the independent corporation, presumably as exemplified in the TVA; and the extension of this form of public business should be made gradually. Retail distribution should be left to consumers' cooperatives rather than made a part of the public business.

If this review were not already too long, it might profitably discuss the author's contention that capitalism, as it has functioned up to the present, is doomed to inevitable decay, and his assertion that we have in the United States facilities sufficient "to provide every family with mass production goods and services to a value of between $4,000 and $5,000, which is about all that any family can use." Some twenty years ago, I put this sentence into my "Distributive Justice": "Somewhere between $5,000 and $10,000 a year lies the maximum expenditure that any family can reasonably devote to its material wants." Were it not for the numerical difference between Mr. Chase's typical family and mine, I should stress my superior generosity in the field of budget estimates.

The most significant and useful feature of this book is its elucidation of the proposition that modern economic life is too complex to be successfully organized into any one system of ownership or control.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Quoth the Raven

The Strange Life and Strange Loves of Edgar Allan Poe, by Emile Lauvrière; translated by Edwin Gile Rich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

HAVING read the 414 pages which Lauvière found necessary to the telling of several authentic and many unreal stories of the life of Edgar Allan Poe the student of Israfel closed the book with the decision that our French friend labored well in collecting his data but he gave the world nothing new. Many of the things that lovers of Poe have admired are out in an evident effort to make the book fit its MacFaddenesque title. The foreword of the volume, some three pages and a half, prefaces the idea that Poe was a strange mixture of "macabre realism and ethereal mysticism" in his works. He is accused of "irresistible drunkenness" and the case against him is well propounded by telling of the background of his father and mother.

The great fact that interests us today is that Poe is read and enjoyed by the growing youth of America. He has established himself among us elders, as the genius that made the mystery story possible. It is jarring on the nerves of all of us to notice the attempts of so many writers to judge the "Raven" maker as a producer of Sunday School literature. He sang well:

"Speak not to me of glory!
"I hate—I loathe the name; I do abhor
"The unsatisfactory and ideal thing."

"Poe's struggles with starvation were superhuman," said a Jesuit father at Fordham University who lived near the Poe cottage. "It is a crime that this is not

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universally recognized, and also a crime that his true achievement over his curse is not counted to his honor."

Nat. Willis was associated with Poe for six months in editing a daily paper in New York City. He said that Poe was a "sad-mannered, winning and refined gentleman."

A young employee of the paper told how when he fainted from the heat one day, Poe sent him home in a carriage and sent out the papers himself. Each day Poe "came at 9 a. m., stayed working steadily until 3 or 4 p. m. He was quiet about the office but uniformly kind and courteous to everyone. He was honest, generons and kind . . . a gentle, lovable man."

The dross in the life of Edgar Allan Poe was not of his making. Making known the mysteries of his life adds not a jot or tittle to literary knowledge. Millions know his work and enjoy it. His greatest proponents are the mothers and fathers of the present generation. The other day an office boy in New York got a fifteen-cent tip. He bought Poe's poems, read them and took them home to the family. I like that and I hope Emile Lauvrière will like it.

EDWARD J. BREEN.

Salty Stories

Midget Magellans, by Eric Devine. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $3.00.

"JIM" DEVINE has tried to do three things in this book and has done each one of them well. First, he has tried to make good, rich reading about adventurers all who have gone on great trips in small ships. Second, he has tried to tell the sailorman who might contemplate doing the same thing himself sometime, just what the men who have subjected themselves to the hard school of trial and error have found out about it all.

Third, he has tried to catch the essence of the personalities of the men he tells about—the inimitable Captain Slocum, venturesome Voss who sailed around the world in an Indian's dug-out canoe, jolly Thomas Drake, who is still single-handing wherever a fair wind blows him at the age of seventy-three; Harry Pidgeon, the farm boy who built his own boat and went around the world in it, and now in his sixties, is still doing it; Monsieur Gerbault (for whom your reviewer "ghosted" on the first articles of his early adventures); the scientific Conor O'Brien; thin Robbie Robinson who sailed the smallest boat to make the globe trip; the charming Tambs; garrulous Frederick Fenger who, being a Bostonian of a certain type, has a natural antipathy for anything Catholic; Al Hansen and a small fry of others.

Although the book repeats some of the canards about South Sea islands, it does so with more than usual temperance. It is beautifully illustrated and has a map by the puppeteer Bill Baird that shows the tracks of the small ships and their silhouettes. Devine recently sailed the ketch Marmion with one of Fenger's trick riggs on it through a hurricane; he writes for *Yachting, Country Life* and other esteemed magazines—so he knows what it is all about and turns a neat phrase with charm and wit.

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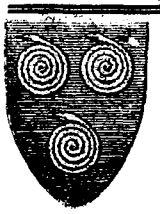
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Jobs

Careers. Monographs 63, The Florist Industry; 64, Private and Social Secretaryship; 65, Book Store Operation; 66, Commercial and Trade Association Secretaryship; 67, Air Conditioning. Chicago: The Institute for Research. $.75 each.

THESE monographs follow those previously reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL in a steady procession and keep up the high standard. Some of the above treat on careers never adequately considered before. All of them explain what training is needed and where it may be obtained. Suggested readings are added. They are recommendable and will be of value to those looking for a career and for employers.

Interesting

Two Wives, by Mary J. Elmendorf. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. $2.00.

AMONG those who shuffle along the aisles between bright-colored shelves in an atmosphere reeking with the ambitious and not unpleasant odor of fresh glue, there are seekers of active, close-to-earth themes compacted into the essential brevity of brilliant narrative verse. Ostensibly it is they Miss Elmendorf has anticipated. "Two Wives" (imprudent title, singularly non-expository of the contents) has fewer things of profound poetic character than many other books of smaller dimensions; but for clear communication, incisive description, and excellent figures of speech, the book is much more than noteworthy. And it is interesting.

For the Browser

The Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. New York: Oxford University Press. $.80.

THERE are many charming and some grandiose editions of Walton's masterpiece. But room must be found for this little World's Classics presentation, for which John Buchan has written a succinct and helpful introduction, which incorporates divers facsimiles of interest, and which is typographically excellent.

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